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The Week

ON THE same day, two sets of presidential spokesmen set forth the administration's attitude on proposed anti-depression measures. A committee of the President's organization on unemployment relief reported against the project of issuing a large bond issue to be used either for federal public works or for loans to state and local governments so that their public works might go on. The problem of unemployment, it said, must be met by private business initiative, and "cannot be solved by any magic of appropriations from the Treasury." Fundamentally, price levels are international, says the committee. The common-sense remedy for the depression, it argues, is to "balance our budgets and live within our incomes." This is a straight appeal for deflation. But Daniel Willard and other prominent men testified in behalf of the President's proposal for a Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which is to have an appropriation of $2,000,000,000 to pass out to necessitous railroads and other business concerns. Unless railroads can borrow from the government, many of them must proposal. Why does the President advocate deflation with one hand and oppose it with the other? Why will appropriations from the Treasury help railroads and banks, but not employment and production? Does Mr. Hoover suppose that if we are to have a general deflation, securities can avoid it? Does he suppose that loans to railroads can be repaid if employment and trade are not stimulated?

JAPAN, under the unchallenged leadership of the war office, is close to her objective in Manchuria. In substantial violation of the promises of the former government to the League of Nations and the United States, she is driving toward Chinchow, and thus removing the last vestige of independent Chinese control in the whole area. A dispatch from Hallett Abend to The New York Times confirms the former impression that, in the territory which she has occupied, she has set up her rule, not directly, but through Japanese "advisers" to Chinese puppets. And the economic objectives have been achieved by the seizure of formerly independent and competing Chinese railways, mines and commercial companies under one pretext or another. Since September 18, the Japanese South Manchuria Railway has increased its trackage from 691 miles to 1,368, or very nearly twice as much, by taking over Chinese lines, on some of which interest and sinking-fund requirements on Japanese loans have been defaulted. The Japanese now control all the important coal mines, and have confiscated a Chinese coal-distributing company. Banks have been seized or are under Japanese control. Japan is collecting taxes and operating public utilities. The Japanese say they do not wish to "annex" Manchuria. Why should they? They already have it—except, of course, the overwhelmingly Chinese population.

A SURVEY which has just been made public by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor gives us not only a picture of the status of women in the machine age, but also many sidelights on the economic readjustments brought about by the depression. Just as the Lynds chose an Indiana city as their "Middletown," so the searchers for the Women's Bureau fixed upon the industrial city of South Bend as a good cross-section subject. Most

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have kept up with the "American standard of living" by having two or more members gainfully employed. In South Bend this was the case almost universally in 1929. But by the autumn of 1930 over four times as many families—765 out of the 2,800 interviewed—had come to depend upon a single wage-earner. In almost half of these cases the sole breadwinner was a woman, who was very often supporting a family of five persons. Women were being employed more and more in a great variety of industries as labor-saving machinery was introduced; but the majority suffered from irregular employment—in 40 percent of the 2,800 families no one at all was found to be steadily employed. Earnings for women were falling sharply, from a median of $17.80 a week in September, 1929, to a median of $13.85 in September, 1930. Over half of the women employed in South Bend factories reported that their wages amounted to from 20 to 50 percent less in 1930 than in the previous year. On the whole, the survey shows how thoroughgoing has been the mobilization of women by industry, and how absurd are the arguments of those who would improve things by turning women out of their jobs in favor of men.

UPON the effects of technological unemployment, the researches of the Women's Bureau give us some very clear intimations. In this case, an exhaustive study was made of conditions in cigar factories in many states, employing over 20,000 white women. Here the partial introduction of labor-saving machinery had already brought about the replacement of men by women "to a great extent." It also threw great numbers of experienced women hand-workers out of jobs; how many, it is not indicated. But 1,150 women thrown out of work by changed machinery were interviewed; two-thirds of their number were forced to work at other industries and at lower pay, while one out of eight had found no work at all. Those who remained working the new machines earned on the average less than before. Thus, a partial account of labor-saving machinery in a specific industry shows that it is being introduced as rapidly as possible, without plan, without regard for the human or social consequences. Company profits increase; but for the workers who are enabled to produce more goods and waste less material, there is lower rather than higher compensation.

IT IS simply not true that prostitution in New York City "is fast approaching the conditions that led to the Lexow investigation in 1895." The eminent divines and merchants who signed a recent appeal in behalf of the Committee of Fourteen must have very short memories if they have forgotten the days of the Raines Law hotels, the parlor houses and panel houses—the days when even a minister or a merchant could not make his way from Forty-

vastly different from those existing before 1915. It is probably true, on the other hand, "that the desperation of young women who cannot find work in this time of protracted depression is forcing many of them either directly into prostitution or at least into border-line occupations from which the ranks of prostitution are most generally recruited." And what do the eminent divines and merchants propose to do about it? Do they propose to find jobs for the desperate young women, or at least to provide them with food and lodging? They do nothing so logical. Their open letter to the citizens of New York is simply an appeal for funds to support the Committee of Fourteen, a sort of amateur vice squad which collects information about prostitution and turns it over to the police as a basis for making arrests. Evidently the signers of the letter do not believe in the "dole"; they adhere to strictly American methods of solving social problems. But so do the desperate young women adhere to strictly American methods. By refusing all pauperizing assistance, by engaging in the only profession open to their talents, by making a profit from their only capital, they display a rugged self-reliance which Mr. Hoover himself might envy. And the eminent divines, instead of praising their initiative, propose to send them to Welfare Island, there to feed and lodge them at municipal expense, under the most pauperizing and degrading form of socialism that any government could invent.

PRESIDENT Hoover feels that he has bad luck; but this is not always the case with him. In one matter lately he has had luck which can only be described as miraculous. As our readers will remember from a recent review by Robert Morss Lovett ("Hamill versus Hoover," The New Republic, December 16), a book has recently been published making extremely serious allegations against Mr. Hoover's early career. It appeared a few weeks ago, and was leaping into nation-wide popularity as a best seller, when Justice Salvatore A. Cotillo, in New York City, granted a temporary injunction, which it is fair to assume will be made permanent, prohibiting the publishers from issuing any more copies. One James J. O'Brien, described with magnificent simplicity as "a former policeman," made the application, on the ground that he had sent the author, John Hamill, abroad to gather facts for this biography which he, O'Brien, intended to write and publish. Justice Cotillo, in granting the injunction, made the remarkable observation that he "had no sympathy with the purpose of a publication which is designed with no other aim than to discredit the work of a public official and to impair his present usefulness in these trying times in the important task in which he is engaged." In other words, get into public office and be immune from public criticism, is the Cotillo formula, and one of particular interest when we remember that Mr. Hoover, to whom he applies it, is patently in-

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MOVIE queens, prominent society women, ball-players and other famous folk are likely to have their incomes reduced in these hard times by a recent ruling of the Federal Trade Commission. In future, the Commission orders, testimonials which have been paid for must not be published without a mention of that fact, and a statement of the price. The Commission, at the time of issuing its order, somewhat unkindly mentioned several persons who have been cleaning up in this racket and revealed to all interested persons that the names of Miss Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Michael Arlen were bought by a manufacturer of beauty preparations for $1,000 each, while Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy and the late Anna Pavlowa rated only half that sum. While the Commission has issued its order against only one company, presumably the same rule will hold good in other similar cases. It is understood that the ruling will be appealed to the courts, and it may of course be overruled. If it is not, we predict that the precedent set by recent Lucky Strike advertising will be followed, and a movie star's testimonial will be published, with a conspicuous statement that nothing was paid for it, just at the time when her new picture is being released and about a million dollars' worth of free publicity will do her the most good. The racket is too useful to be abandoned merely because the mean old Federal Trade Commission gets up on its ear.

THE news that the Senate has called upon the President for the suppressed Wickersham report dealing with Mooney and Billings is the only ray of hope now shining in the gloom which descended on the famous case immediately after Mayor Walker's much publicized crusade. When the Wickersham Commission six months ago made public its long discussion of "Criminal Procedure," which contained only a few references to the case, rumors were circulated and never denied by the administration or by members of the Commission itself, that a voluminous report on the Mooney-Billings case had been prepared by a staff of eminent lawyers, but had been suppressed on grounds of political expediency. As the case now stands, the publication of the report—and there are no valid reasons why it should not be given general circulation—might somewhat offset the effects of Mayor Walker's crusade, which, though it brought the case into the public eye, seems chiefly to have intensified Californian class prejudice. Let us hope that President Hoover will accede to the Senate's request. Certainly he will not increase his moral prestige by denying it.

THOUGH the textile strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, ended nearly two months ago when the strikers accepted a 10-percent wage cut, almost half of the workers still remain unemployed. Many of the mills have been running only on part time, those in some cases as high as 30 percent have been put into effect, speed-up methods have been instituted generally, and every effort has been exerted by the mill owners to demolish what little remains of the unions. Antagonism has been particularly directed against the American Textile Workers' Union, an aggressive local organization whose members are largely drawn from the Pacific Mills. These mills, which have remained closed until only recently when they took back 10 percent of their 5,400 employees, at drastic wage cuts, will not reopen on full time until February. Meanwhile the workers and their families have been left to fight through hunger and cold as best they can, for the various charity organizations of the city have refused help to any citizen who took part in the strike. The union is making desperate efforts to supply at least bread and milk to the children of union members, but unless financial aid is immediately sent to union headquarters, Room 8, 180 Essex Street, Lawrence, even this minimum of aid must be abandoned.

IN England, the truth about certain political subterfuges and alarmist maneuvers used by the Conservatives to gain their ends in the last elections is now finally beginning to leak out. A fair number of the Liberal and Labor leaders who joined in the general stampede to support the so-called National Government have learned to repent of their folly. There has even been a perceptible shift in public opinion. One well known Labor minister, who stood his ground and was defeated at the polls, has reported that he has already received four hundred individual letters of regret from constituents who voted against him under the stress of the economic "crisis." And Professor Gilbert Murray has recently made a public confession of error and repentance on behalf of himself and of at least half a dozen Liberal friends. As The New Statesman and Nation expresses it, Professor Murray

> deeply regrets supporting the National Government, denounces as a fraud the scare that the pound was in danger, expresses grave doubts about the future of international policy at the mercy of a Conservative majority, and, in short, explains in a series of beautifully phrased paragraphs that he and many others have made fools of themselves.

Congress and Debt Payments

ALTHOUGH Congress was bound by the promise of a majority of its members to ratify the moratorium on debts and reparations for a year, it was only natural to expect that our legislators would raise loud objection to any further remission of the war obligations. Public opinion in this country has been sedulously protected from the economic fundamentals in this matter by all those in authority, and by none more than the President himself in past years. Any suggestion

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for all that the Allies should not pay, has been treated as little short of heresy. To admit the anti-debt case was to touch with profane hands the sanctity of the War itself, and of this country's course in the War. It was to admit that we not only fought for no advantages to ourselves, but could not even collect the loans we made to help others fight. The admission, once made, will be the final blow to the prestige of the war-makers, "internationalists" and isolationists alike.

The arguments made by those who fear further adjustment downward of these objections have, in themselves, a good deal of justice. But the justice of the arguments does not prevent the immense harm done by the action which they prompt. The truth is that we live in a world in which the justice of payments from debtor to creditor does not always make these payments possible or desirable. If the failure of payment makes the creditor seem like a fool, the answer may be that he is one. Not a fool for annulling the obligation, but a fool for ever allowing it to arise.

First, let us take the charge that forgiveness of the governmental payments would occur at the instigation of, and in the interest of, the international bankers who have made loans to Germany. No matter what specific denials may be made, this is unquestionably true. Why, then, should the taxpayers be made to suffer in the interest of reckless investors and underwriters? The answer is that the truth of the charge rests on grounds which those who made it do not appear to understand. German economic life cannot go on if she is to be under the necessity of maintaining a surplus of payments out over payments in, large enough to meet the total reparations charge, as well as to buy the excess of material essential to feed her people and supply her industry. Before the War her imports exceeded her exports: the relation of her population to her natural resources is such that without an excess of imports she would have difficulty in sustaining a decent standard of living for her population. The War deprived her of many of her natural resources, as well as of the capital investments abroad which largely enabled her to pay for the adverse trade balance. The fact that she has paid reparations under these circumstances has been due to the loans flowing to her from abroad—the very loans which are now set off in opposition to further reparations payments. When the inflow of loans stopped, Germany of course drifted rapidly toward insolvency. Stopping reparations was the inevitable result. Even so, the repayment of private debts has had to be held up as well. The cancellation of reparations is the first essential—though not the only one—for German recovery. If reparations are not canceled, Germany will not be able to plan for the future at all; she will not be able to pay either reparations or private debts, because she will be in bankruptcy.

The choice lies not between paying reparations and an insoluble crisis in the German economy and hence in the trade of Europe and the world. Even if reparations are canceled, the chances are that many of the private obligations of German citizens and business concerns to Americans cannot be paid. If they are not canceled, reparations cannot be paid anyway, since the destruction of German credit which accompanies the default of private obligations will make it impossible for her to obtain the inflow of foreign loans which is the condition of reparations payments. The priority of private debts is not a matter for political decision; it is interwoven in the capitalist structure of society.

The other main argument against revision downward of Allied debt payments to the United States is to the effect that the Allies are rich; they are able to spend plenty of money on other things; they maintain huge armaments. Why, then, should reducing the debt payments be singled out as the means of relieving them, even if German reparations payments to them do fail? We have never admitted any moral connection between German reparations to the Allies and repayment of the Allies' borrowings to us. This argument, like the first, is perfectly just, if we confine our attention to the way in which the debts originated. The answer to it is that the policy which it supports is economically impractical and politically inexpedient.

The amount of money which a government can raise and spend within its own borders is no criterion of the amount which it can transfer to other nations. This basic economic truth, so often explained in the past ten years, has not yet penetrated the consciousness of the objecting Senators and Representatives. When a government taxes its people and spends the money within the country, it merely transfers income from one part of the population to another. But when it pays money abroad, if it really does so, this payment must ultimately take the form of an excess of exports over imports—including in exports invisible items like shipping services, tourists' expenditures and the like, as well as physical goods. To produce an excess of exports over imports where there was none before, or to enlarge an existing surplus, means that in some way the nation which does so must sell more abroad, or buy less abroad, or both. And when this is accomplished, the result is that the goods available to its own people have been proportionately reduced. Income is transferred out of the nation. Such a process, taking place on a sufficiently large scale, means difficult readjustments of the channels of world trade, and brings with it a likelihood of domestic political and economic disturbance. If it is not successful, it means a continued loss of gold, with the far-reaching repercussions which accompany that process.

The economic position of Great Britain in recent years has become precarious even in the attempt to maintain her pre-war balance of payments. The world depression, with its depreciation of prices by

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of her foreign debts. Even with a simultaneous moratorium on her receipts from Germany and her Allies and her payments to the United States, she has had to go off the gold standard, and is now seeking to enlarge her exports and restrict her imports, to the detriment of the British standard of living and to the injury of her foreign competitors in the export markets. If war-debt payments to us were resumed though reparations were canceled, her difficulties, and consequently the obstacles to worldwide economic recovery, would be immensely aggravated.

In the case of France the possibilities of transfer are considerably brighter. In recent years gold has been flowing toward her, not away from her. But it should not be thought that if France should abolish her army and navy tomorrow, she would be in any better position than she is to transfer funds abroad. Moreover, it would scarcely be expedient to remit the British obligations while insisting on the payment of the French. A third consideration which is even more important is that, reluctant as France is to forgo German payments to her, a firm stand by this country against revising her payments to us would make it politically impossible for any French government to adjust the German relationship. The whole economic crisis of Europe would be frozen. The practical result would be that reparations would be defaulted and debts would be defaulted, while the governments continued to bicker and the hostility of the peoples increased. The shrewder French statesmen understand that reparations cannot be paid in any case, and the chief use of the French legal claim to them is to press for political and economic supremacy in Europe. Do we wish to embark on a similar course in insisting on our legal right to debt payments from France? If so, there is no hope for Western civilization under its existing governments.

The payments which our government would receive without any revision of war debts are not a vital element in our budget or our economic life. Any contribution to world appeasement which we can make by their cancellation would be worth ten times as much to the American people, taxpayers and foreign bond holders alike, as the debt payments themselves.

France Against Britain

AN EXPERTS' committee at Basle once more is wrestling with the problem of German reparations. All the facts about Germany's capacity to pay—or rather incapacity—have been known in great detail for many months. There is no more excuse for another investigation than for an inquiry into the alphabet or the multiplication table. The summoning of the Basle committee is due solely to French insistence. Sometime in January, a full-dress international conference will be held to deal with [illegible] German long-term debt is only $261,000,000, or

lieves that strict adherence to the letter of the Young Plan will bring it some slight tactical advantage.

It is evident that France's antagonist at the January conference is going to be Britain. Germany necessarily will be a political neuter. Already the British and French governments have assumed ostentatiously irreconcilable positions. Said Stanley Baldwin last month in the House of Commons: "London has been largely instrumental in financing Germany during the last ten years, thereby enabling her to carry on international trade and pay reparations. These financial advances . . . must not be endangered by political debts." Two weeks later in the French Chamber of Deputies, Premier Laval replied acidly: "We will not accede to priority being given to private debts over our reparations."

Both Mr. Baldwin and M. Laval presumably know that Germany, at least for the next few years, can pay only a very small part of its private foreign debt, and cannot pay reparations at all. M. Laval has, in fact, officially intimated that France has neither hope nor intention of collecting reparations (other than reparations in kind) before 1933 or 1934. The problem, as most experts agree, is not how or what Germany can pay, but how Germany can economically continue to exist. Neither expert nor moderate lay opinion, however, is likely to be heard at next January's conference. The present indication is that it will be solely an affair between official Britain and official France, with questions of diplomatic prestige uppermost.

The British Foreign Office is now definitely anti-French, and eager to curb France's domination of the Continent. Sir Austen Chamberlain, chief friend of France in England, was conspicuously omitted from the present Cabinet. Neither Mr. MacDonald nor Mr. Baldwin likes or trusts France, and the Foreign Office permanent staff, ever since the enforced resignation of Lord Tyrrell, has consistently opposed French policies.

In the gathering struggle between the two governments, there are two uncertain factors. One is the policy of the Hoover administration. The other is Hitler and the Nazis. The United States, by virtue of the White House compact between Mr. Hoover and M. Laval, now is a passive ally of France. The British count heavily upon their ability to break up this understanding, and to bring the United States around to the British side.

It is, in part, for the purpose of gaining our support that Britain now stresses the reparations issue. Germany's immediate economic future is much more important to us than to the English. Germany, despite last summer's standstill agreement, has slowly been repaying its short-term debt to London. The amount now outstanding, $275,000,000, is, as The London Times recently pointed out, no more than is normally required by Germany's export trade. The English share of the

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The case of America is very different. At the end of last July, our banks had nearly $400,000,000 on short term in Germany. Relatively little of this has been repaid. American investors hold more than half of Germany's long-term debt, the huge sum of $1,253,000,000. Since it is generally agreed by all authorities—with the single exception of the United States Senate—that there is no hope of the United States' receiving further reparations money from Germany via war-debts payments by the Allies, it is clearly to our interest that Germany be relieved of the reparations burden altogether. This the British intend to point out to us with all possible emphasis.

If, with America's diplomatic backing, the British can force France to agree to the abolition of reparations, or at least the greater part of them, they hope to persuade our bankers to maintain their present short-term credits in Germany, probably under a new and improved standstill agreement, and to aid the Germans with the interest on their long-term debt. Germany is now suffering from a financial blockade as stringent, and in some ways as cruel, as the naval blockade of 1914-18. It is the existence of this blockade which, during recent weeks, has forced the Bruening Cabinet to prostrate itself before France. If there were hope of financial relief coming from New York, however, Germany would rise up, joyously thumb its collective nose at M. Laval and resume its former place at the head of the anti-French bloc in Europe, which is of course exactly what the British Foreign Office wants.

The French are, of course, fully aware of what Great Britain is trying to do. M. Laval has the word of Mr. Hoover that the United States will not intervene, and the French do not believe that we will. But should the United States show signs of swinging over, there is some reason to believe that France, as an effective counter-measure, intends to come rapidly and independently to terms with the Germany of Hitler and the Nazis.

The recent conversations in Berlin between emissaries of Hitler and Ambassador Francois-Poncet are, in one sense, merely the latest phase of negotiations for a Franco-German alliance which have been in progress ever since Locarno. Locarno, as such things are rated by professional diplomaticos, was a triumph for Britain and a defeat for France. Britain, at Locarno, forced France to permit Germany's reëmergence as a great power, and as a potential threat to France's European dominance. Ever since then, France has played with the idea of a Franco-German alliance which would be immediately directed against England, and more distantly against Russia. According to the Volksbureau of the German People's party, the Poincaré Cabinet in 1926 opened secret negotiations with the German Nationalist Deputy, Herr Kloenne. During the winter of 1926-27, Kloenne allegedly arranged a meeting in Berlin between the French General Staff. Later conversations were arranged among the German Nationalist leaders, Herr Hugenberg (Hitler's intermittent rival and colleague), Herr Kreigt, Baron von Meden and the French Deputy, M. Paul Renauld. Parallel conversations were held with the German industrialist Herr Arnold Rechberg.

The Nazi movement, as is well known, has been largely financed by the Rhineland coal and iron industry, which through the European Steel Cartel has close (although not always amicable) relations with the French Comité des Forges, which in turn is closely connected with the French government. A Reichstag investigation, not long ago, unearthed the interesting fact that one of Hitler's contributors was the French-controlled Skoda, in Czechoslovakia. The Thyssens, the Mannesmanns, the Abbés, the Kirdorfs, all see in an alliance with French reactionaries the surest, and probably the only, way of fighting back at Germany's Socialist labor unions.

An important section of French opinion believes that now would be an excellent time to put through a Franco-German alliance. The advent of Hitler to power will almost certainly usher in widespread Socialist and Communist strikes in Germany. This, the French think, will be enough to frighten off American bankers and investors. Hitler will inherit a bankrupt country; he will be greatly in need of foreign support and money to maintain his regime, and, whatever his personal feelings, there will be nowhere for him to turn except to France. The French appreciate that the Nazis in the mass are ferociously hostile to France, but they are also confident that Hitler will be powerless to refuse French aid, and that he will inevitably be subservient to French policy.

It is worth pointing out, perhaps, that all these are the plans of diplomaticos. Probably much more important than this plotting and counter-plotting is that fact that unemployment in Germany last week approached the 5,000,000 mark. It may be that Bruening, Hitler and organized government itself will all be swept away in Germany in the not distant future.

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England Muddles Through

THESE are amazing days in which to be in England. Things are moving so rapidly that no one can say how far they will go, or in what ultimate direction. Within the first few days of my present visit I have seen the traditional free-trade policy abandoned (far more definitely and completely than in the McKenna duties) and the beginning of an orgy of tariff-making beside which the similar endeavors of the American Congress seem the height of scientific moderation. I have seen the pound go plunging downward to new low levels, although the so-called National Government which is now in charge was elected on the promise, tacit or explicit, that this would be prevented. I have seen a new agricultural policy inaugurated which is about as haphazard, and probably ineffective, as it could possibly be (except in raising the cost of living for the poor). I have seen the Indian Round Table Conference come at long last to a conclusion which the Hindus, at least, regard as a failure, and the delegates go home to a future dark with the threat of bloodshed on a terrible scale. And with it all, I have seen the mass of the people carrying on, as the English have so often done in crises in the past, hoping and on the whole believing that their notorious ability to muddle through may be effective this time as always before—a confidence which may or may not be justified by the event.

All nations, always, like to blame their troubles on others and to feel that they themselves represent stability in an unstable world. We have all something of the psychology of the Red Man, confused in the depths of the forest, who observed, "Indian no lost; wigwam lost." I had a gorgeous illustration of this before I had been twenty minutes in London. When I asked the crisply competent young Englishwoman behind the desk at my hotel to change my American money for me so that I could buy my dinner, she refused to do so, on the ground that "foreign money keeps bobbing about so that we don't care to be bothered with changing it." Since the fluctuations she referred to were of course entirely due to changes in the value of the pound, this seemed to me an extraordinary statement, but I quickly found that her attitude was one rather widely held. In an industrious search, I could find nowhere in London (it was after banking hours) anybody willing to take a chance on American dollars overnight. After several vain attempts, I was reduced to the perhaps ignoble expedient of going into the hotel dining-room, eating the elaborate meal which tradition demands under these circumstances, and then telling the waiter that unless he would let me sign for it he could send for the police. (I observed that since I'd had the dinner, I was good for it.)

Exiles' return.—When England went off gold, the economists wrote learnedly of what it would do to her position in world trade; but no one has ever written, no one ever can write, the story of a million personal calamities which followed in its wake. Englishmen who continued to stay at home or were living in certain British colonies or dependencies, hardly knew the difference, for the time being. Prices rose only a little, and many of them did not rise at all. But the Briton abroad instantly found his income reduced by some 20 percent, a proportion which has now risen to about 30 percent. Overnight, thousands of people who were living on the French or Italian Riviera, in Switzerland or Sicily or a hundred other places, discovered that the slender margin on which they had been relying was wiped out. In a world where so many really poor people are at the verge of starvation, no one need waste many tears over the plight of the bourgeoisie who wake up one morning to find that they have only three-quarters as much money as they had when they went to bed the night before; but for the connoisseur of human emotions, these things have a certain interest. . . . Particularly hard hit are the innumerable elderly civil servants and army men, retired on pensions and accustomed to bake their aging bones in the warm Southern sun. Their pensions were small enough anyhow; they have been reduced by the drop in the pound, and then still further cut as part of the economy scheme to balance the budget.

"Buy British."—England is in the midst of a great campaign to encourage home industry. Everywhere you turn you see it reflected; it is like the crusades of war days in America. The government, which has sponsored and is encouraging the campaign, does so in order to reduce imports, redress the balance of trade and defend the value of the pound; but to the people of Great Britain the effort has become a patriotic enterprise which is to rescue them from their present predicament and bring back the good old days when an Englishman came as close as anything this earth afforded to being a lord of creation. Every automobile has the slogan on its windshield; the cities have popped out in a rash of posters and electric signs; in any shop an article of foreign make is about as popular as a Gila monster with a fit of indigestion.

Some of the ramifications of the campaign are amazing and serve to illustrate the unreasoning

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been in the habit of giving themselves fictitious French names (and sometimes accents) and have overnight found themselves in danger of losing their patronage because of it. They are now sending hasty form letters to all their patrons, explaining that Mlle. Jeanne is really Betsy Smith of Bayswater and that no treason is involved in purchasing from her those smart British *robes et manteaux* which are so admirably suited for walking across country in the rain. The readers of one popular London daily are now making a mass attack upon the paper's motion-picture critic, seeking to get him removed from his post on the ground that he has been reprehensibly lukewarm in evaluating the products of the British film studios. A correspondent of The Times expressed what seems to be a widely held view when he indignantly demanded that no cinema be permitted to show an American film without placarding that obnoxious fact outside the door so that true Britons may stay away: "Henceforth," he wrote, "we must not only buy, but must *look* British."—Which I dare say he does, though not quite in the sense he intended.

The manufacturer of one sort of gasoline undoubtedly frightened his competitors badly when he started a huge advertising campaign pointing out that his particular motor fluid was a complete British product, being extracted, inside England, from English coal. The skulking hellions guilty of importing into Great Britain reprehensible petrol from Texas, Colombia or Baku, could only, and feebly, reply by publishing a tabulation of the number of British workmen whom they employ. From day to day the "stunt press" discovers with alarums and italics that eggs are still coming into England from Denmark, or milk from Holland. They forbear to mention that of these things, as of so many others, England at present produces only a small fraction of what she needs, and they give a general impression that it is better to let your child's checks go pale from inadequate diet than to support those Dutch-speaking foreign cows in luxury at the expense of (hypothetical) true British cattle. . . . Perhaps the star example of economic loyalty, however, is the stern edict of the British Broadcasting Company, that bands playing on the radio shall render British compositions "whenever possible"—an edict which rouses painful memory of the ban on Wagnerian opera in New York during the War. (Incidentally, I should give much to hear a precise definition of that phrase, "whenever possible.")

One-sided debate.—In a movie theatre, I saw and heard the Prime Minister utter a brief oration urging his fellow countrymen to support the "Buy British" campaign on economic grounds. He explained why it was necessary to purchase home products whenever possible, and then went on to add that of course what he said applied as well to goods produced in other parts of the Empire [illegible] them will it be possible for them to buy British-made products from us." At this point I rose and, addressing the screen in loud American accents, I said: "And will you tell us, Mr. Prime Minister, why this isn't also true of countries outside the Empire?" But the silvered image made no reply.

Torquay now batting for Nice.—It is not merely the decline of the pound which has denuded the Riviera and Switzerland of British visitors. The "Buy British" campaign has strongly emphasized the lack of patriotism implied in giving your pounds to some greasy south European hotel keeper for a winter holiday when there is the British Riviera to be visited. The south coast of the right little isle has become the theme of paradisaical blurbs. No newly married couple, this winter, would dream of crossing water for the honeymoon. Aged Dukes with liver trouble which practically compels them to live from October to May at Capri are doing their bit by wintering at Brighton or Plymouth, where the Gulf Stream does indeed produce a climate of remarkable mildness compared with that of regions further north—about as mild, say, as Virginia in February. The tourist, of course, must supply some twenty degrees Farenheit from the inward glow of his own patriotism, in order to match the south of France—must, and I have no doubt, will.

A beautiful instance of British character, I thought, was shown in the debate over skiing in Scotland. Thousands of people from England have been going to Switzerland for winter sports; and in order that these, staying at home through patriotism, should not be too disconsolate, the newspapers began to portray in ardent colors the beauties of the snowscape in the Scottish hills. In no time at all they had produced an impression that compared with Scotland, the Swiss Alps were about as attractive as a warm July on Devil's Island, and that skiing is as common north of Edinburgh as is good Scots whuskey. But at this point, up rose an honest Scot who happened to be president of the country's skiing organization, and proceeded to point out: (1) that only now and then during the winter is there enough snow in any given place in Scotland to make skiing certain; (2) that even when the snow exists, it is likely to be distant by a goodish automobile ride from any possible hotel; (3) that such snow as does exist, if and when, is full of jagged rocks which stick up to trip the unwary; (4) and that, therefore, skiing must be done with great care, preferably by persons experienced in the art, and using short skis appropriate for broken-field gliding. Which seemed, more or less, to settle the matter.

Tariff prestidigitation.—A permanent tariff law will be enacted in England next spring, if things go as the Tories have planned; but in the meantime duties up to about 50 percent have been imposed [illegible] of manufactured products under

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few days after the newly elected Parliament convened. The making of a tariff in the United States has long been conceded to be an obscene spectacle, with its sordid logrolling behind closed doors; but compared with the new English duties, those imposed in America are a marvel of scientific planning. Hardly had the law been passed before a first long list of items to be protected was made public; and the second enumeration followed only a few days later. The principle employed was that representatives of a given industry came to the Board of Trade, which is charged with administering the law, asked for protection and, seemingly in nearly every case, received it. There was, of course, no serious inquiry into the merits of any request; there was no time and I doubt whether there was even any inclination. These tariffs are as far as possible from representing any coherent, consistent scheme; they are consonant neither with one another, with the facts of the present British position, nor with a policy for definite future movement in one direction, assuming that the Tories who now control the so-called National Government had one, which they have not. If their actions do not make a bad matter very much worse, it will be because of blind luck and nothing else.

It hardly needs to be pointed out that even if the arguments of high protectionists were true, Great Britain needed a tariff less at the moment when the present action was taken than at any other moment for many years. By the devaluation of the pound, she gained an immediate advantage over all countries remaining on the gold standard—an advantage which amounted at once to one-fifth and is now nearer to one-third. Her industrialists had been crying, like those of Germany and America, for a reduction of wages, and through the inflation of the currency they got it, at least for a period of a few months until wages could be readjusted, and perhaps longer if they can successfully resist the demand for such readjustment. They made it easier for England to sell abroad, and very much harder for foreigners to sell to her. Unemployment in England at once began to drop, by 30,000 or more a week, as her factories felt the stimulus of the new buying orders.

Prices are now rising, and undoubtedly will continue to do so; the increase in wholesale prices in October and November was about 7 percent, which means, of course, that they have gone up far more slowly than British money has gone down. This has been partly, I understand, due to influence of extremely important industrialists and financiers during the interval between abandoning the gold-exchange standard and the general election: they exerted the utmost pressure in order not to jeopardize the chances of the so-called National Government. In part, however, persons with goods to sell have refrained from profiteering for genuinely patriotic reasons, and there can be very few other

The new British tariff law has been written by men nearly all of whom are well-to-do. They neither know how much it will increase the cost of living for the poor, nor realize the significance of an extra penny for a loaf of bread to people who, even before the increase, did not have money enough to maintain any sort of decent standard of life. As I have suggested, wage rates are unlikely to be increased to keep step either with the cheaper value of money or with the tariff-created rise in prices; with a couple of million unemployed in the country, labor is in no position to drive a hard bargain. And these unemployed are themselves being penalized; the pitifully small amount they receive from the so-called dole buys less than ever, and for motives of government economy, payments are being reduced wherever possible—in many thousands of cases entirely suspended. It will be a black winter.

The cause of the debacle.—The defeat of the Labor party in the general election was, of course, much less crushing in terms of actual votes than the loss of seats in the House of Commons would indicate; but it was bad enough. Without wishing to duplicate Mr. H. N. Brailsford's admirable discussion of the election in The New Republic of November 11, I should like to list five of the chief reasons for Labor's defeat, in the order of importance ascribed to them by several shrewd English observers.

1. The general belief that, economically, England is in a tight corner, and the normal human belief that in such circumstances it is wise to man the ship with a new crew.

2. The new "Zinoviev letter": the charge, unforgivably brought into the campaign in its last few days, that if Labor were returned to power, the people's deposits in postal savings banks would be imperiled. These banks are far more widely used in England than in America, and this wholly baseless charge touched the pocketbook nerve with great effect.

3. The perfectly legitimate criticism that in domestic affairs the Labor government had done very little—a failure which in the main must be blamed upon the temperamental weaknesses of the Prime Minister himself.

4. The fact that radio broadcasting (a governmental monopoly in Great Britain) was almost dominated by the orators of the National Government, and that it played a tremendous part in the campaign. Millions of people who in former years turned out for meetings and heard at least a few speeches from each of the several contesting parties stayed home this year, listened only to the very skillful appeals of a handful of outstanding national figures like Mr. MacDonald, and voted accordingly.

5. The extremely weak tactics employed by the Labor party in the campaign. It talked loosely and vaguely about the necessity for "nationalizing the banks," without ever saying how it proposed to do this, or what concrete benefits to the average man would follow. The phrase frightened many people

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matic new program for other steps to be taken for the restoration of prosperity.

While Labor's errors are fairly easy to see in retrospect, the lesson of the election is nevertheless a frightening one for those who believe that genuinely democratic government can survive under the capitalist form of society in the conditions which now surround us. In England, as in America, conservatism controls nearly all the organs for the creation of public opinion, the press, the radio, the motion picture. In two campaigns within seven years, British Labor has been defeated at least partly by falsehoods interjected at the last minute, throwing the voter into a panic. Is there any reason to believe that this process cannot be continued indefinitely? If there is, I should be greatly cheered to have someone step forward and say what it is.

Labor after the earthquake.—The leaders of Labor are busily at work, reforming their shattered ranks and trying to decide upon their new strategy. The feeling against their lost leaders is extraordinarily bitter, and it seems to me altogether unlikely that they will ever again have anything to do with Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden (now Viscount Ickornshaw) *et al.*, even should the Tories contemptuously toss them aside within a few months, which most people believe will happen. True, Labor is suffering from a serious shortage of leaders; but their general feeling is that it is better to have no outstanding personality than one who is so easily tricked and led astray as Mr. MacDonald was by the (largely spurious) raid against the pound.

The shrewdest younger men in the Labor party are now arguing for a policy of "back to Socialism." They feel that should the country, in a few months or years, again turn to Labor for guidance, they must never again compromise with expediency and attempt to stay in office at the cost of their fundamental principles, "doing the Tories' dirty work for them." They are not committed against taking office again, even as a minority; but as one of them expressed it to me, "we should then at once introduce bills for socializing the banks, controlling industry and reforming (or perhaps even abolishing) the House of Lords. If the country is not ready for these measures, then let the voters turn us out of office and we shall wait until it is." How far Labor would live up to these lofty principles if it were again subject to the overwhelming temptations of power and authority, of course remains to be seen.

England in epitome.—The smash hit of the London theatrical season, and the greatest for some years, is Mr. Noel Coward's "Cavalcade." And indeed, Mr. Coward, who some time ago ceased to be merely the brightest of the Bright Young People, England's present experience. You take a land which is now profoundly distressed, but not so long ago was quite happy; and you show its inhabitants a series of flashes of the high spots in its national history, going back only about thirty years, so that some of your audience will remember all of what you show, and all of it will remember some. Then you end with a grim view of the present and a prayer that, somehow or other, the good old days may be brought back.

Mr. Coward strings his spectacle upon the thread of one family's tribulations between 1899 and 1931; and with a cast of nearly five hundred people and tons and tons of mechanical equipment, he gives us a series of amazing stage pictures—a transport leaving for the Boer War, the funeral of Queen Victoria, Santos Dumont flying over a seaside resort in an early airplane, the fatal voyage of the "Titanic," several episodes of the Great War, and so on. His 1931 scene is a denunciation of Cocktail, Flapper, Jazz and Company, plus gangsters, radical soapboxers, inane radio announcers and other characteristic spokesmen of the present day whom he does not happen to like. At the end the two chief characters make a surprisingly impressive plea for a return to the Old England which has just been recalled to memory. The more elderly members of the audience whom I happened to notice wept more or less openly. Like their counterparts all over western Europe, they yearn to get out of their plight, and feel that if, somehow, enough people would only undergo a moral reformation, all might yet be well. This is of course a delusion; but I am glad I am not called upon to tell them so as they stand up, sniffling, and reach for their overcoats while Mr. Coward's final curtain falls.

London. BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Unwanted Lonely

Make way for them, who nothing see
Beyond the shadow of their eyes.
Make way for that—the sharpened cone
That shoots before them now as flies
The pointing night of an eclipse,
Wherein a day's triangle dies.

Make way for them; they lost their hope
Longer ago than faith can heal.
They walk condemned—yet think to find
Some face perhaps that still can feel.
But let them pass you; be not one
Transfixèd willingly with steel.

Make way for them, and turn your head
Perhaps with pity; yet be strong.
What they can penetrate you with
Is thin and poor; but it is long,
And will not break. It is the fear

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Unemployment Relief by Business

I

WHEN TIMES were booming, back in 1929 and before, the XYZ Company employed over two thousand men. It expanded by purchasing a plant in Pennsylvania and another in the Middle West. It encouraged its employees to buy stock at $30 a share—a price that was then 20 percent below the market. The company now employs less than a thousand men and its stock is quoted on the New York Exchange at less than $4 a share. Some of its plants are shut down and others are working one or two days a week. This company is not able to help its employees because, when times were good, it set aside no reserves for that purpose. It has even stopped the pensions of some of its retired workers and has reduced the pensions of others from 25 to 50 percent. It is requiring its employees to keep up payment on their stock by making deductions from their pay checks. In several towns where the company has plants there is no organized charity of any description. In the words of a company official, destitute employees in these towns "must go back to the farm or starve."

Here we have epitomized, in a mildly exaggerated form, the way in which unprepared American industry meets depression. To nine out of ten employers, the relief of unemployment is not a responsibility of industry. In fact, inquiry at the Chambers of Commerce or Associated Charities in several large cities elicited the advice that relief by private concerns was so negligible that it would not be worth while to search for instances. But despite these facts, far more enterprises are engaged in unemployment relief during this depression than in any previous one. Furthermore, the concerns giving relief are among the most prominent in industry—companies whose policies are usually imitated. It is desirable to examine what is being done and how it is being done, and to see what conclusions of general significance emerge from the examination of specific cases.

II

The A Company manufactures automobile accessories. During the last winter its output was about one-third of normal and it is still less than half of normal. In the fall of 1930, the management, believing that there were needy cases among its men of which it was not aware, asked its personnel department to investigate. A visit was made to the home of every employee who was making less than $18 a week and, in addition, calls were made on many men who had recently been laid off but who had worked f[illegible] Several thousand calls were made in all. The company arranged to purchase coal, shoes and clothing at wholesale prices and, in addition, it encouraged working employees to bring in clothing. Some funds came from the accumulated profits of the Employees' Exchange, which sells candy, tobacco, etc., to the men. The company matched every dollar spent. The total expenditures were $20,000 and the number of cases aided was over 200. In most instances, the help took the form of credit, but in some it was an outright gift. The company has used its own people instead of outsiders to make repairs around the plant, but it has been necessary to hire some outside supervision. The exterior of the plant was painted, windows were cleaned, floors repaired. About all that can be done has been done and it will be almost impossible to provide any "made work" during the coming winter.

The B Company is a maker of steel. During this depression it has made few lay-offs, but has rationed work, giving most employment to the men in the worst circumstances. It has provided little "made work" because the plants are in such good condition that it is hard to find even a job for a floor sweeper. The company is caring for some people who have not had a day's work for two years. These people are not given money, but they are furnished food, clothing and medical attention. Assistance is always given outright, never in the form of credit, because the company fears that if the men become heavily indebted to it, many of them might move away and it would lose some of its best workers. The company owns a few houses, but it does not collect rent unless the tenant can pay without great hardship. Some employees have not paid rent for eighteen months. "It is better for us," said the personnel manager, "to have the houses occupied than vacant." The company is encouraging its employees to have gardens. The best record has been made in a community where about 320 of its 2,000 employees have gardens on company land. The company furnishes the seed and plows the land. Every two weeks the gardens are inspected to see that they are properly cared for. In a small town in Pennsylvania where the company has a plant, it has been keeping 400 families for nearly two years. The gardens are helping some. Near this town is some coal land owned by an affiliated concern on which the men were given permission to dig coal from the outcrops. The day before my visit 125 men had dug 160 tons. They had no way of hauling the coal, so the plant manager sent trucks to haul it for them—a distance of about three miles.

The C Company is a small rolling mill specializ-

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any men, but the force has dropped by resignations from 850 two years ago to about 750 now. The work has been divided as equally as possible among the men. This has meant that during the last year they have averaged about 40 percent of full time. A number have supplemented their incomes by a few days' work on truck farms or in the canning factories in the neighborhood. In past years the men have conducted a Community Chest campaign in the shop and the company has added a contribution which slightly exceeded that of the men. This year the personnel manager is wondering whether to permit a Community Chest campaign. He feels that under the equal-division-of-work plan the men have already contributed far more than their share to unemployment relief. On the day that I visited the plant, the United States Steel Corporation announced its 10-percent wage cut. The president was pondering what to do. "Our men have been taking a terrific licking without any cut," he said. He was obviously most reluctant to cut, but he feared that competition would compel him to do so.

The D Company is one of the world's largest manufacturers of heavy machinery. In November, 1930, its force was about 12,500. The first thing that the company did was to let out the inefficient and the short-service men—about 800 in all. Then it began spreading the work. It was helped in doing so by the fact that it has pursued the policy of transferring men between departments and has developed a number of general-purpose men. The works manager soon discovered, however, that some men were being favored. Consequently, he appointed a committee to check the pay roll every two weeks in order to prevent favoritism. Business continued to drop, and during the fall of 1930 and the winter of 1931 the company cut its staff by 700. In order to help those in distress, the men through entertainments and gifts raised about $27,500. When the management learned what a fine job the employees were doing, it matched their contributions. That continued until the summer, when the contributions of the workers dropped. Then the company authorized the personnel department to spend each month until the end of the year as much as it had been spending. The outlay for relief is now about $7,000 a month. The company is carrying approximately 500 families, but the personnel manager says that the number could be increased to 750 without abusing the relief. Most of the 500 are employees who were laid off, but some are men who are working part time.

The E Company is a large steel producer. It has made few lay-offs, but has attempted to adjust the work to the needs of the men. This has not been easy because there has been little work to divide. At the time of my visit, the company was operating at 28 percent of capacity. The personnel manager says that half his time is spent in talking with men who are dissatisfied with the share that he had been seeing an employee who had had only three turns in six weeks. The man has two boys, his wife has tuberculosis, and he is attempting to pay for a house. The company attempts to provide "made work," but high standards of maintenance make this difficult. The management prefers to give credit rather than charity. Many employees are not paying rent in company houses, but it is expected that they will pay up in gradual instalments later. The company has sold many houses to its employees and payments on these are badly behind. In some cases the men are keeping up the interest, but in many they are not. The company tries to insist that they pay the taxes. A high official thinks that in the future the company should provide reserves against unemployment. "If every employer provided his own fund and took care of his own people," this official said, "we would not have this trouble. In the future most good corporations will provide money to take care of unemployment. If they don't, they will have to anyway, because we shall get the 'dole' as sure as the devil."

The F Company is another large producer of steel. During the 1921 depression its force dropped from 72,000 to 30,000, but in this depression the company has rationed work. In August, 1931, its force was 61,000 in comparison with 70,000 in October, 1929. This drop was due almost entirely to resignations. "Lay-off," said an important official, "is the easiest way of taking care of a drop in orders. Rationing presents real problems, but after a time, we found that it is not so hard as we thought it would be." Rationing has meant so little employment for many men that the company has arranged with the welfare agencies in each community to inform it of distress among its employees. If the trouble is shortage of wages, it gives the men more working time. This necessitates taking work from other men and means that the real burden falls upon the men who receive less employment. In some towns this company has its own stores and there it gives credit. A plant-personnel manager said: "Personally, I don't believe in company stores, but during this depression our store here has been a godsend." A general officer said: "Several years ago people were saying that the steel industry would be the last to adopt the five-day week. It had just got rid of the seven-day week. But in working out the part-time problem, under force of necessity, we have gone to the five-day week. We cannot say that it is permanent, but we have learned enough so that we can operate five days."

III

What general conclusions can we draw from these cases and from many others covered in my survey? First and possibly most conspicuous is the fact that the relief given by business enterprises is largely confined to so-called "regular" employees and does not reach the class which needs it most.

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what his concern has done to meet the depression, his answer is likely to begin as follows: "The first thing we did was to lay off all workers whom we did not regard as real Blank and Company employees—men who had been with us for less than a year. Then we divided the work among those who were left." This means that the 7,000,000 or more unemployed are, for the most part, persons for whom no particular enterprise feels any particular responsibility. They are industry's flying squadron, the men who are shifted hither and yon to meet peaks in the demand for labor. Thus we have the paradoxical situation that industry feels a more or less strong responsibility for its regular and long-service employees—to whom it is able to give fairly steady work—but little responsibility for its labor reserve—the men who bear the brunt of industrial fluctuations. The situation is illustrated by the experience of a large manufacturer of machinery which between October, 1929, and August, 1931, cut its force from 12,500 to 8,900. This change was accomplished by dropping short-service workers *and in August, 1931, the company had 1,100 more employees of two years' service or over than in October, 1929.*

Second, the rationing of work, although more widely practised than ever before, is still the exception rather than the rule. In a Middle Western city the Chamber of Commerce formed a committee of influential executives to visit every enterprise and personally to "sell" the idea of rationing. Nevertheless, in only 90 cases out of 300 was rationing being practised. Reports to the President's Emergency Committee on Employment last spring showed that about two-thirds of the men working were employed full time. Subsequently, there has been a spread of rationing, but it is safe to say that even today over half the men who have jobs are working full time.

Third, the policy of rationing work, though superior to lay-offs, means that many men bear an unfair share of the burden of depression. Thousands of steel and automobile workers, for example, are giving up over half their income in order that others may have work. Particularly open to question is the practice of taking work from the less needy in order to provide more employment for those in distress. In effect, it means that the man who has been thrifty and has managed well has his savings confiscated and turned over to those who did not save. This is penalizing thrift with a vengeance.

Fourth, part-time work does not mean that relief is not needed. As a matter of fact, when employment drops to two or three days a week, a large amount of relief may be required. Much of the relief given by the enterprises studied in this survey went to men who were working part time. A survey of 1,305 men receiving aid from the city of Detroit disclosed that 207 had jobs. This did not mean that these men were defrauding the city. It simply meant that two or three days of employment a week did not provide enough income for the support of five or six children, particularly when the opening of school requires that shoes and clothing be purchased and the coming of winter necessitates laying in coal.

Fifth, much of the relief is credit rather than outright aid.

Sixth, well managed companies with high standards of maintenance find it exceedingly difficult to provide private "made work," unless they have new construction projects which they can initiate.

Seventh, much of the so-called "made work" does not really represent additional employment. It is simply maintenance work performed by employees of the plant rather than by outsiders who would normally be hired to do it.

Eighth, the enterprises which lay off the most men and make the most drastic cuts in hours are, of course, those which are hardest hit by the depression. Consequently, they are often unable, or feel unable, to give much relief. But many concerns which have been hard hit by the depression were exceedingly prosperous during the boom. It is plain that the accumulation of funds to relieve unemployment must occur during boom times.

Ninth, although business is beginning to admit that unemployment is a responsibility of industry, relief is still based on need rather than on unemployment, and is given as a matter of charity rather than as a matter of right. The National Association of Manufacturers recently opposed public unemployment insurance on the ground, among others, "that it is arbitrary in its exemptions." But nothing could be more arbitrary than relief by private business. Each company is free to make its own rules, but many make no rules at all and relief is determined by some official's estimate of the needs of the particular employee. Rarely do the employees participate in administering relief and in no instance is there an impartial and independent agency to determine the justice of individual claims.

From this examination of corporate relief in operation, the conclusion irresistibly follows that the most businesslike and the fairest way to provide against unemployment is through the establishment of reserve funds administered by business enterprises in accordance with rules prescribed by the government. Such reserves and rules are needed in order that relief may be more nearly adequate and that it may reach the men who are most in need of help, but who now are promptly laid off as soon as a depression occurs. They are needed in order to abolish the practice of penalizing thrift by basing relief upon need. They are needed in order that relief may be given as a matter of right rather than favor and on the basis of rules publicly determined rather than on the basis of private discretion. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is that industry itself is beginning to concede that unemployment reserves are sound in principle. Recently a referendum of the United States Chamber of Commerce endorsed "voluntary" unemployment re-

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facturers at its last convention, though opposing "public" unemployment insurance, endorsed "private" schemes by urging "deduction from taxation of reserves or expenditures to provide unemployment reserves." But the attempt to draw a line between voluntary and compulsory reserves is a quibble. If, as the National Association of Manufacturers declares, "unemployment imposes a grave responsibility on all employers . . . to contribute . . . to unemployment relief," surely those who fail to discharge this responsibility should be compelled to do so.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER.

Utopian Peacemakers

THE PURPOSE of the International Congress for Disarmament, which met in Paris at the end of November, was to assemble representatives of the great political, social and religious organizations from all countries where a public opinion exists in favor of a substantial reduction of armaments by means of an international pact. It was hoped that this demonstration would impress the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations, which takes place in Geneva in February, with the strength of opinion behind it. The Congress, as everybody interested knows, ended in rout and failure at a monster public meeting which took place at the Trocadéro on the night of November 27.

There was something remote and unvital about the Congress from the very start, in spite of the imposing array of famous people supporting it and the great number of statesmen and diplomats who addressed the delegates at the two-day seances in the Palais Royale preceding the public meeting. The present writer was a delegate belonging to what seemed a rather futile group—a group representing universities or university organizations—who sat listening to the proceedings, contributing nothing to the discussions. The views and observations expressed here are, it must be said, those of a person outside the world of politics and unused to high political discussions—the ordinary person convinced that if there is another war in Europe chaos and darkness will fall upon the world.

Of the many reasons for the failure of the Congress the most important was the ineptitude of the people running it. This was aggravated by the hostile attitude of a large section of the French press, the bewilderment of the French man in the street as to the purpose of the Congress and, finally, the unconvincing character of a large number of the delegates, who lacked that vitality and conviction which enable people to carry a cause. The leaders, particularly, seemed to have no power of getting into contact with the ideas and sentiments of ordinary people; while the organizers and too many of the speakers had the air of persons who in quiet studies, remote from rude public interruption, had made up their minds concerning the moral, logical it was, I believe, a tactical error to hold a disarmament congress in Paris at the present time without first having held a similar congress in another capital; it gave the impression that these disarmament ideas were particularly directed against the French. Then it was a blunder to take a huge hall like the Trocadéro, holding about 5,000, and sell tickets to an ill informed public. It may have been a good way to pay the expense of the Congress, but it proved to be a poor way of advancing the cause of disarmament. There was among the organizers a lofty indifference to the existence of certain violent "patriotic" organizations, like the Action Française and the Croix de Feu, which are well organized for the very purpose of breaking up public meetings like these. There was an equally lofty indifference to the opinions of the French man in the street, which, roused by his newspapers, were somewhat as follows—"We French, by hard work and fighting and because of certain virtues peculiar to us, are now the most powerful, the most vital, nation in Europe. A pack of foreigners down on their luck come over here and tell us we have got to disarm now that we are rich and powerful. When the English and Germans were powerful they did not want to disarm."

No observer can deny that this is the ordinary Frenchman's attitude; for though a Frenchman might admit that he was opposed to war, he would argue that as a native of a country which has been often invaded it is his business to nourish "a vigilant and patriotic frame of mind." He is open to argument and, in some degree, to conversion, but the congress organizers made few efforts to outline their program; they left him a prey to the newspapers, some of which, responsible people informed the congress, were owned by munition manufacturers. Therefore, when the "patriotic" organizations packed the Trocadéro meeting with hoodlums, the ordinary man present, gazing at the elderly foreign gentlemen on the platform who represented nations he had always distrusted, thought there might be a good deal to be said for the disorderly protest. This is no excuse for the disgraceful disturbance itself or for the behavior of some of the women who, dressed in violent red, reminded one of the tales of the wild women of the Revolution. However, I maintain it is a fair explanation of the attitude of the ordinary Frenchman who had no means of hearing any reasonable views on disarmament.

Those organizations which want the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations to succeed (assuming that such a thing is within the bounds of possibility) must give information and instruction and must refrain from holding huge public demonstrations for which the people in none of the great European countries are ready. It is doubtful, indeed, if there is in any country of Europe a considerable body of public opinion for disarmament; there is a sentimental emotion against

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minority in every country in favor of disarmament —a minority mostly composed of intellectuals, labor groups, members of governments and ex-statesmen, a group growing rapidly in power. Any minority that has sufficient passion and conviction can carry what it wants, but judging from this Congress, the disarmament people are well intentioned humanitarians most of whom lack what the Arabs call "the fire in the entrails" necessary to carry a cause.

The majority in Europe seems to an observer to be mostly composed of three classes of people: first, those to whom the idea of war is essentially abhorrent but who sincerely believe that the most powerfully armed nation is the most secure and the safest from threat of war. This is an honest belief held by large numbers of people; and it is they who have to be convinced that the way of armaments is the way of war. The other two classes are those who genuinely want war. The first of these two classes has always existed in Europe; it is that considerable portion of the male population who like going to war, to whom war is a high delight like love or wine or the chase, a sport for which they are willing to take any risk. Nothing can be done with this group, which is as numerous in Germany as it is in France—they only become converted when they return armless or legless or eyeless from the front and can blame governments for their plight. The other class who want war are those overcome by the hopelessness of the economic struggle, men to whom life offers no great prize on account of the terribleness of the effort to keep body and soul together—men so depressed by the joylessness of the life that stretches out before them that going to war seems better than living life as they have to live it. This class, needless to say, is increasing in every country, an increase to which the burden of paying for armaments contributes.

The Congress in the main was out of touch with all these people; an academic air pervaded the proceedings. Lord Robert Cecil, except for an indescribable something which suggested an aristocratic freedom from bourgeois prejudices, might have been Professor Babbitt expounding Humanism, and he had the same air of a bishop off duty. M. Cassin, French delegate to the League of Nations, delivered an oration full of oratorical splendors that would have done nicely in a discourse over a dead Academician, but as far as disarmament was concerned, led nowhere. There was a fine literary swing to the speech of the Polish representative, M. Lednicki, who quoted Ibsen's "Brand" and, true to the Polish tradition, declared that he could not abandon the love of his country for the love of humanity, but that both went together. Some of the other gentlemen, feeling the destiny of the world in their hands, were all self-felicitation, and wished to let the delegates know how importantly they had functioned in Geneva and elsewhere. Their speeches were long and full of

It was when the real politicians got to their feet that one saw how seriously at stake was the cause of peace. They got down to business without flourishes and the claws began to show. M. Paul Boncour and M. Paul Painlevé had the same air which Maynard Keynes has memorably described as being that of Clemenceau at the Versailles Conference—"But France, gentlemen, consider France; what is there for France in this business?" M. Painlevé said he was all for peace, but that disarmament did not make war impossible; the resources of peaceful industries and factories could so easily be transferred into machinery for turning out engines of war, particularly in countries where bad passions got into power. To guard against this, France would support all efficacious means for protecting peace, but the efficacious means—an international army and the internationalizing of aviation—must come before disarmament. This discourse of the former War Minister was in a manner peaceful, but faintly in the air as he spoke, so faintly that it might have been mistaken for the beating of wings, came the sound of the scratching of claws.

When it came to Baron von Rheinbaben's turn to speak, he donned no velvet gloves. He said that as Germany was disarmed anyway, other countries should disarm to the same degree. There was a certain country which had war reserves numbering 4,500,000, and this country returned as its official figure 12,000. In Germany they did not count like that—they gave exact figures. Before any German government could sign a disarmament pact, Germany would have to have equal rights with other countries. Again one heard the sound of the scratching claws. M. Paul Boncour, leader of the French delegation to the League of Nations, repeated the argument of M. Painlevé, which is in effect the French thesis—disarmament in itself is not security: first establish an international force for preserving peace.

From the point of view of one unfamiliar with high political affairs, these orations seemed to give little promise that the February Conference will have much success. One also felt that these gentlemen who figure so prominently in the League of Nations and the world's destiny did not possess that strength which can move mountains, and mountains will have to be moved if the Conference of February is to succeed. The broadest and most disinterested mind was that of a Belgian dignitary, M. Rolin. Next to him was Dr. Schreiber of the German Center party, who read a carefully thought-out paper which was mostly lost on the delegates.

Many of the delegates, particularly those from the English-speaking countries, were a depressing lot; they looked as if they would have gone with equal interest to any other sort of Congress. There were too many women, the majority of whom were of the bright-college-girl type grown oldish and in need of new contacts. At the sessions in the Palais Royale no American spoke at all, though the official

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three. A fair proportion of them were Americans living in Europe who were asked to represent home organizations. Some of them objected to what they termed "Reds" and "pro-Germans"; one said she could not listen to Dr. Schreiber on account of his poor French accent. There was a young childish person of eighteen or nineteen, not knowing a word of French, who, when asked what she represented, said she had come from Geneva to represent the mayor of Milwaukee.

The final meeting at the Trocadéro was well staged. Present upon the platform was the German Ambassador, who sat beside the English Ambassador, the Belgian Ambassador, the Minister from Greece and the Minister from Holland. The chairman of the meeting was M. Herriot, while among the speakers were Lord Robert Cecil, M. Painlevé, M. de Jouvenal, Signor Scialoja from Italy, Ambassador Madariaga from Spain, and Mr. Alanson Houghton, who had come from America specially to address the meeting. But the organizers had overlooked the "patriotic" organizations, particularly the Action Française, a virulent Royalist group led by two able men of letters, Léon Daudet and Charles Maurras—men of power and intellect, but of twisted sentiments. This group, assisted by members of kindred organizations, interrupted the distinguished orators whenever they opened their mouths; hissed, booed and sang the "Marseillaise." Nobody heard a word of the speeches. The disturbance continued till midnight, and what was meant to be a demonstration in favor of peace degenerated into what seemed perilously like one in favor of war.

Paris. MARY M. COLUM.

The Ideal Immigrant

NOW THAT the door is fairly well closed against European immigrant laborers—not only that, we have bade enthusiastic farewells to hundreds of thousands of them as they sailed away, leaving the stout goddess in New York harbor dry-eyed and unmoved—it seems to me time to consider what sort of immigrant labor we might properly welcome in the future, if any, and in the event of boom times returning. Except during those hours when they were actually at work, our immigrant laborers have never been satisfactory to the Hundred-Percenter and this is an excellent interim in which to consider what we might do about it, because no one is very busy. Just by way of placing the agenda on the table we might first enumerate our complaints, because this will lead directly and logically to an outline of the character of immigrant labor we would welcome in the future.

We have tried, for example, a great many varieties of Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles, Serbians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians and other folk from southeastern Europe. They brought strong stubborn resistance to labor organizers, faith in their ability to do much better in this country and a charming enthusiasm over the wage scales they encountered. So much for the credit side, and it is an impressive total. Nevertheless, after working hours, they remained Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Poles, Serbians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians and essentially folk from southeastern Europe. From their kitchens issued strange odors and from their lips incomprehensible words. They were given to overcrowding in queer sorts of boarding and lodging houses. If they brought over wives from their native villages, these women also turned out to be foreigners. If they bore children, new duties devolved upon the public-school system, and even after these duties had been nobly discharged there remained a period of disturbance in the lives of these youngsters who seemed to lose the faiths and stability of their parents before sinking their roots sufficiently deep in America. In other words, the melting pot couldn't be made to complete its function in a week, even in the vicinity of blast furnaces, but on the contrary boiled over, spewing forth casualties to be mopped up by domestic-relations and children's courts and social workers.

We have imported millions of energetic, thrifty Italians, but in spite of their excellent performance with such tools as pick and shovel, they went on eating spaghetti, spiking their sauces with garlic, fermenting the juice of the grape, attending Roman Catholic churches and otherwise annoying the blond Protestant Nordic.

We have imported millions of Russian Jews who have combined the bad habits of all of the others. They not only cluster in smelly ghettos where they read newspapers with front pages suggesting a photograph of a rectangular pan of angle worms, but they also get rich in trade and banking. If you raid Communist headquarters you are certain to find them, and similarly they bombard exclusive golf clubs with their applications for membership. A terrible people!

We have tried thousands of Chinese, but that is an ancient story, no longer worth the telling beyond the fact that they were found less than perfect. So with the Japanese, who were really worse. Brought in solely to work in the fruit orchards and truck gardens, they bought land and set up for themselves in competition with the very benefactors who at first had welcomed them. They also had an unfortunate habit of marrying, and when this notion struck them they either sent to Japan for foreign wives who gave birth to slant-eyed children or they did something vastly worse in presuming to marry American women. Either course, we found, made them undesirable. For a while it seemed probable that war-torn Mexico, sending her refugees across the border by hundreds of thousands, might furnish the ideal solution, but they also failed. At work they were fairly good, but in the evenings they could be found eating *chili con carne*, drinking alcoholic

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dances where their tropical blood sometimes caused conduct that disturbed the local police. Still later it seemed possible for a brief period that the Filipinos might serve. Their young men liked to travel and found the United States an exciting adventure, but they would insist upon dancing with American womanhood and otherwise being present in the evenings in spite of the fact that their sole function had been performed before the whistle blew along about six o'clock. They didn't understand this clearly and now they are rated under par.

Nor are these obvious difficulties all that we have suffered in our contacts with immigrant labor. Sometimes they take out citizenship papers and then go home and get themselves conscripted for military duty and yowl for help from the American embassy, when there is no real need for helping them, because it doesn't make a bit of difference whether the ones caught ever return from a reservoir which can supply millions of alternates. This troublesome problem has had to be ironed out with special treaties, most of which provide that if anyone gets caught on a vacation trip to the old home that is his trouble. They not only made these hazardous trips to Europe, but it was also their custom to save their money and remit vast sums (in the aggregate) to their parents, wives, brothers and sisters—money that might just as well have been spent for radio sets right here and kept up the American standard of mass production, instead of permitting booms to be followed by depressions. In politics they have generally voted for candidates of their own racial group for city councilmen, thus sharply and annoyingly differentiating themselves from the Hundred-Percenters, who always vote for the best qualified public servant regardless of racial origin, religion or any other extraneous matter.

In this list of the shortcomings of our immigrant labor I think we will find, upon thoughtful, unprejudiced, unhurried consideration, the basic facts for an outline of the sort of immigrant we should seek in the future, if there is going to be any future, and provided also, of course, that Europe survives the winter without some sort of horrible upheaval that will leave it in the condition of stricken Russia, that is to say, without any labor to spare. But that sentence became too long; let us return to our muttons, as the French say, or to put it more exactly, our immigrant labor. It seems to me that by a simple, uncolored statement of the undisputed facts I have now demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt that what we want in this country is a laborer who will materialize at six o'clock in the morning and disappear, like the magician's rabbit in a silk hat, as soon as the evening whistle blows. This trick has been performed millions of times with rabbits, why not, then, with human beings? We have but to recruit the ranks of our magicians and find the sort of immigrant who responds quickly and silently to thaumaturgic skill.

Only one flaw can I find in this scheme and I am pleased to report that even that one has responded to constructive thinking. You will have suspected, probably before reading this far, what the flaw is. Well, I shall not hold you in suspense: these laborers who disappear into silk hats between sunset and dawn must nevertheless spend their wages in order to keep the American standard of purchasing power. How to have them do that when they need no housing and only one meal a day, luncheon, baffled me at first, but now I have the solution. These people will be singularly equipped for saving money. They will deposit this money in earmarked accounts under the special care and control of the Treasury Department. Thus, whenever a bank fails, it will be tacitly agreed in advance that these earmarked accounts were actually in that bank. We have needed an arrangement of this sort for a long time, because even in our prosperous years between seven hundred and one thousand banks fail annually out of a total of not more than twenty-five thousand, an appalling casualty list. In such a terrible year as 1931 the number of failures will be close to two thousand. Well, the losses evidently cannot be reduced by a change in our banking system; the bankers have spoken in convention on that point; so I recommend my scheme as the logical, the fairest and the hundred-percent-American way out.

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

Under Which Hoover?

IN ACCORDANCE with the provisions of his constitution, Elmer Durkin, the Woppington newsdealer, was helping the President open Congress. His audience was a Saturday-morning caller, Homer Graves, a young farmer whom Elmer prized highly because he was always several days behind current events.

"How did Hoover's message turn out?" asked this glutton for punishment.

"It turned out to be a serial story. He's been feeding Congress a chapter a day."

"He must have been working hard, all right."

"Hoover works twice as hard as the average because he plays both ends. He's just the reverse of the last tenant. Calvin never took either side of a tough problem. The Wonder Boy has a lot more ability and pep. He takes both sides."

"Aw now, Elmer——"

"All right, take prohibition as per instance. Is he a Wet or a Dry?"

"He's a Dry. At the same time I have always had a feeling——"

"Quite so, Homer. He's the white-haired boy with the A. S. L., but you old weterans still have your pipe dreams. Somebody with an ornery nature has double-checked on that and he has hedged on every bet. When the W. C. T. U. pins a forget-me-not on the presidential chest, the White House hintsman lets out a whisper that the Chief is warm-

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"Wet or Dry our Herbert is certainly one of the disarmament boys. Our overgrown navies are the main and principal disease that has put the world in this jam. I wish I had a smacker for every time he has said that. But when these Navy League crabs knock him for skimping on the homicide boats, what does he do? He pulls a flock of figures and boasts that he is wasting more good jack on shooting ships than any other country in the world.

"Whenever you think you've got his number he turns out to be a couple of other fellows. His best act is marching off boldly in two opposite directions.

"Well, it stacks up the same way in this week's batch of love letters to the Seventy-second Calamity. Outside of the routined stuff, he's paired with himself on every vote. There's a Herbert to suit every taste and every pocketbook. Do you think this depression has been bad medicine, Homer? Such abysmal ignorance! This transitory brodie has practically been a swell thing for one and all. Business methods have improved. Science, education and public health are on the up and up. Now flop over the record and play the other side. Here are twelve ways to pull us out of this lovely situation.

"Paste this in your lids, he writes to the law factory, federal aid for unemployed is out. That would be nothing else but doleful. The folks will cough up and keep each other from starving. Those down-and-outs can't nick the Treasury for a jit. And speaking of jits, adds Herby, please slip me a billion berries to put the banks and railroads and real estaters back on their frostbitten dogs. Those birds are getting some tough breaks.

"I see where the hunger marchers who tried to crash the White House pulled a bobble. They should have come dressed like the First National Bank.

"According to the blue prints, we are suffering mostly from imported grief. It's lousy old Europe that has made us what we are today. So we must cure ourselves by strictly home-brew dope. Do you get that, Homer?"

"No, 'fraid not."

"Just a plain hick. No engineering mind. Now we go on with the story. The answer to what ails us is a big helping of gravy for the banks and bust companies, millions for public works and drastic economy. Combining the best features of Santa Claus and Sandy McPherson. Here's where we go tightwad. So saying, Herbert pulls Mellon's gimme budget and when you total up the bad news all the economy there is in it you could stick in your eye.

"Herbert 'n' Andy make out that by pinching the coppers and boosting the taxes on everybody, we can climb out of the red by 1934. If we do, it will be the first time that pair of prophets has drawn better than G- in their number work. They and Harry Stimson have made the eighteen decisive bum guesses of the world.

"We mustn't kid ourselves, Hoover tells the M. C.'s, that we can chisel any jack out of down But there will be no debt cancellation—not while Uncle Herbert is on the job."

"I don't believe the debts should be canceled, myself," said Homer.

"Don't worry, big boy; they won't be. Our hero will appoint a commission to dig up a better name to pin on it. A sort of a chronic moratorium. Maybe the Greeks had a word for it.

"Anyhow, nobody can deny that our President has staged a hot game against himself, intercepting his own passes and blocking his own kicks. I got a big wallop out of it, but here comes the painful part."

"What's that?" asked helpful Homer.

"Those spoil-sports on Capitol Hill," said Elmer, "have chalked the thing down as a scoreless tie."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

A Blue Christmas—Doleful Republicans and Dismal Democrats—Hanging Up the Presidential Stocking

SO FAR as I can observe, as the Christmas holidays approach and the recess looms, there is even less of the Christmas spirit among the politicians in and around this place than usual. It is difficult, in fact, to find a mellow or a merry man, whether you look for him on the Democratic, the Republican or the progressive side. There are more people with grievances, grouches and grudges than I can remember before at this season; fewer who do not seem bowed down and oppressed by the heavy responsibilities of leadership and power.

If it is true, as so many of our alleged economists have said, that part of our trouble is psychological and what the country needs is confidence, the present attitude of Washington statesmen of all factions and both parties is certainly not calculated to improve conditions. Rather, when you combine the mental attitude of the leading public men here with the developments in Congress on any one of a number of important issues, there seems extremely little from which a generally depressed country can draw either confidence or courage. Under existing circumstances, one does not expect that the White House or the regular Republicans in Congress should be blithe and gay. If they were not depressed over party prospects they would be hardly human, because not since I can remember has the general Republican outlook preceding a presidential campaign been less hopeful—and I do not exclude 1912.

The National Committee meeting here last week was the most cheerless party gathering in two generations and the dejection of the state leaders from every part of the country was profound. Now that it is over, there is but one point that I want to dwell on: i. e., the part Mr. Hoover, personally, played in its management. It was assumed and stated that the Messrs. Brown, Fess and Lucas ran the show. They did nothing of the sort. The "Chief" himself ran it, and I must say rather upset the notion of his complete political ineptitude. There were at least half a dozen

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bring up again the question of a Lily White party in the South to the open presentation of an anti-prohibition resolution, which he personally straightened out and averted.

It is true that the gathering was so low in its mind, and its members so listless, that it took little persuasion to keep down a fight. Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover took a very active part in the proceedings, was completely posted at all stages and personally conferred wth individuals. I make this point largely to show that, despite the great problems with which he wrestles, he is overlooking none of the party steps necessary to ensure his recommendation, and that his pre-convention campaign this time, as in 1928, will have his personal attention.

But to return to this matter of gloom amongst the politicians—what surprises me most is to find so many Democrats with a sour expression upon their countenances. At a time when their party prospects are more promising than they have been for twenty years, you would expect every Democrat to beam. I regret to report that not many of them do. They have no end of confidence, but the change in their position from a minority party of opposition to one which controls the House, carries with it certain worries, cares and burdens. This condition is aggravated by the fact that they have no program and apparently are unable to form one which a united party in House and Senate can support.

The difficulties of this situation, more than anything else, explain the harassed look of the more important and influential Democrats in Senate and House today. Convinced that the Democratic party must persuade the public that it is a constructive agency in a time of crisis, they are bothered, not to say baffled, by the obstacles lying in their way. The chief trouble, it seems to me, is that the Democrats have for so long been relieved of the responsibility and necessity for constructive thinking that their minds do not function easily when cerebration is required. Another trouble is that, outside of Congress, they have no one leader whose advice they can seek or whose words will be accepted. However, so intense is their desire not to spoil the future either through futility or mistakes at this session that I think they will get together before long and, for publicity purposes, announce a Democratic stand. That their program will be put through this Congress is altogether improbable, but a program seems imperative.

What the Democrats want to avoid above all things at this time is being publicly tagged as the tail of the progressive kite. In this session they do not want to adopt the progressive program or follow the Hoover administration. Either involves greater or smaller party humiliation. Party pride, dignity, propaganda and promises of the last three years almost compel them to have one of their own. Yet, how to get one? That is the question. How to get one that will be sound? How to get one that will not alarm the "business interests" of the East and at the same time hold in line the liberal Democrats from the West and South?

There is another cause for Democratic concern—many Democrats do not want to nominate for President the man they seem most likely to nominate, to wit, Franklin D. is assured at this time, I should say, of a majority of the votes of the convention when it meets. But the opposition of the Smith-Raskob-Shouse outfit, despite the pretensions of neutrality on the part of the National Committee, is intense and determined. The weakness of this outfit is an inability to center upon an available man to block Roosevelt, and the prevailing belief, as I have pointed out before, is that despite the ability to block him they will not do so. I have heard again within the past week from various high party persons the suggestion that Smith himself would eventually come into the field as a candidate, not with the idea of obtaining the nomination, but in order to prevent Roosevelt's selection and to force a compromise. In that event, the ticket would, it is asserted, very likely be Baker and Byrd, or Baker and Ritchie.

Some such outcome as this, it is stated, was the idea back of that recent luncheon in New York attended by Mayor Hague, Governors Cross of Connecticut, Ely of Massachusetts and various others—all strong Smith admirers and all anti-Roosevelt. At this time, I am told, Smith was informed of the desire to have him enter the contest. He was told that a sufficient number of states could support him to make Roosevelt's nomination impossible. I doubt that Al was greatly impressed. I do not think he has enough fight left in him now, and even if he had, it is hard to see how he could succeed. Roosevelt's nomination seems even more probable than it was a month ago, and if it occurs it will be extremely distasteful to most of the important party leaders and contributors in the East. There is no gainsaying that.

Washington. T. R. B.

Spring and Winter

Springtime for Henry, by Benn W. Levy. Bijou Theatre, December 9, 1931.

1931—, by Claire and Paul Sifton. Mansfield Theatre, December 10, 1931.

A VERY happy farce has arrived in town, with a title quite as happy, "Springtime for Henry," by the Mr. Levy who is already known to us through his "Mrs. Moonlight" and "Art and Mrs. Bottle." It is the story of a rich bachelor and philanderer who falls in love with a firm little secretary full of justice and right. His best friend's wife has been the last of his affairs, his best friend's new venture in business involves possibilities of mutual benefits. The secretary changes the wicked man's habits, reduces him to water and hard work, disturbs him by speaking of her little son and her having been married, delights him by announcing that she has shot her husband in the Touraine and is therefore a widow, and throws him finally into the arms of his former mistress by scorning his proposal of marriage, and, since the friend is now free, or soon will be, going off with the friend.

It is all farce, brought now and again into the realm of comedy by that hint of social philosophy and personal comment which the playing affords and which Mr. Arthur Sircom's witty and accurate directing partly accounts for. Some of the writing is stupid and tactless, that for in-

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erated her from the lover's thoughts; and the scene, in the same act, when the two women meet and undertake each other is not very good. But as a whole the evening is constant laughter, and Mr. Leslie Banks, Mr. Bruce and Miss Chandler carry everything off admirably. Mr. Nigel Bruce, with his hesitations and clever rhythms and cues, could not be better for the prosperity of the piece; and Miss Helen Chandler provides a bit of genius in sheer casting. Hollywood's arts show in her perfected make-up and general appearance; and the cool comic insight she manifests is still another proof of an insinuating and ripening talent. Her diction still lacks; for one thing too often the *r*'s have it. But when, with that blond and gentle aspect, the little secretary announces that she shot Aristide, the husband who had insisted on bringing his mistress home to tea and finally on bringing two mistresses to tea, the combination of player and ironic situation goes about as far as is possible in comedy. Miss Frieda Inescourt is agreeable on the stage, but plays with her familiar affable indifference or free air, carelessness or whatever it is, along with real intelligence, that she has always brought to acting, and spoils with a childish make-up her natural beauty.

The Group Theatre has chosen for its second production in its first season a play dealing with the moment, with today in fact and even more, perhaps, with tomorrow and next week. This has always been one of the privileges of art, to stake its appeal and currency on the occasion at hand. It may achieve a certain intensity for a year or a month, or may with a lesser intensity go on meaning something for a century or longer. Meantime there is nothing to prevent its achieving both these appeals, both capacities of meaning. The play that the Siftons have written cannot be said to do the last; it sticks rather to the first only. One way of sizing up "1931—" is to think of seeing a performance of it during the fat epoch, four years ago say.

The story presents a young workman getting himself into a temper and being fired; he is certain of his strength and ability to walk into another job, he is in love with a girl but puts off the wedding until the job is found, which does not happen. He is thrown here and there, refusing to stand in the breadline; he tries a hold-up, but at the last moment does not carry it through; he comes to see the girl, intending to break with her; they cannot resist their passion for each other; he is seen wandering at this and that, shoveling snow, fainting from hunger; after a stay in the hospital, out again; and at last finding a job with a brutal keeper of a lunch counter. The girl comes in; she has looked for him in vain and is on the streets and already diseased; he crashes out to join the riot in the square outside the restaurant; and at the last moment of the play he is one of a group under the machine-gun fire of the police. Meantime, as the play proceeds, there has been a kind of choric effect made by the line of workmen waiting for the jobs that have been advertised, standing there hoping to be chosen out of the crowd, massed against the wall of corrugated iron behind them.

It is curious how nothing in itself is very significant or alive, but only so in some light that bears on it from among the diverse parts of life. I sat at "1931—" wondering for a while why it was that I cared so little about that picture of the suffering workmen, that fight for mere bread, that destruction of living, of the right to love another, to exist under the sustaining sun. It was all well done, and excellently and sincerely directed. It was in fact done more straightforwardly, sincerely, simply and with less extraneous fuddle and trash than would have been the case anywhere else on Broadway, and that is a compliment not to be despised. But all that seemed to me moving or significant—the rest of the play is mere repeated news—was the personal intervals, I mean the passages in which the young man and the girl were involved. When you present the raw spectacle of these hungry, exhausted, caustic or ironic or brutalized men, to be perceived no doubt as the result of economic conditions, you have only begun; you have taken only the first step so long as you leave it thus, without the comment of something larger that is needed to give import, poignancy and a degree of permanence.

"1931—," as it stands now, has only the capacity of horror, and is more depressant than depressing, more graphic than tragic or fecund. The play, in sum, that the Group Theatre presents seems to me of no importance, though we can honestly say that it is neither so adolescent nor specious as have been many plays using such material. To the story itself a neat and wise motive, full of relief and forward movement, was supplied when the man at length is made to find a job; and his last meeting with the girl brings everything down to a moving conclusion, one we care about and one that serves to remind us afresh how loosely strung the play has often been, how much too long the snow-shoveling scene was, and too drawn-out the scene of the hero's soliloquy above the garbage can.

Mr. Gorelik's settings for "1931—," with their walls of corrugated iron, are cleanly and well designed and do nothing to hamper and something at least to heighten the content of the play. The imaginative level of play and décor are in this case equal: if the semi-symbolism of metal, garbage cans and steel scaffoldings grows rather obvious before very long, so do the methods of such a *Massemensch* play as this of the Sifton's. The group playing and the group compositions and silhouettes were consistently admirable, the latter were both remarkably free and strong patterned. For every moment, indeed, in which the scene involves more than two or three people, the stage management cannot be too much praised, and this without obviousness, artiness or forced posturings.

The same obstinate theory that appeared here and there in the Group's casting of "The House of Connelly" renews itself in a worse degree when Mr. Morris Carnovsky is made the director, or whatever he may be called, of some sort of social-worker place, listed in the program as a Basement off the Bowery, and full of talk about the love of Christ, sanctimony and twaddle about the connection between business and piety. I understand the theory behind such casting; the diversity, variety or distance from the actual character provides practice and scope for the actor's development and allows the audience the pleasure of versatility and of pure acting rather than mere fitness

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it must be wisely applied—we should not, for example, take for granted too great a gain in casting Mr. Maurice Schwartz as Lohengrin. What happens when we put Mr. Carnovsky with his Semitic features and intelligence and his elaborated effects, not to speak of such unfamiliar diction as Flot Sam and Jet Sam, for flotsam and jetsam, is that the role is made sinister; a sophisticated, evil personage emerges as the man who shows the tourists through that terrible place where charity lets the human wrecks sleep on the floor and enjoy a roll and cup of coffee. The resulting effect is merely rebellious and adolescent so far as the playwright and his scene are concerned, puerile satire in fact, not to say long since obvious in stage hokums. There must be half a dozen members of the Group company who would be better in the part. The darkest aspect of such a place, with its charity and shame, would lie in the director's being one of those watery-eyed Anglo-Saxon saints not unfamiliar, who have made concessions to the right powers, half dully, half subconsciously, deceiving themselves more or less, and getting their own keep and satisfying their own weak and nauseous egos through pious works, bullying and unctuousness. The type is racially in wide circulation, and the employment of it for this role would have made the scene another matter, more adult, more fated, more biting.

Miss Phoebe Brand as The Girl gave a sympathetic performance always. Mr. Franchot Tone as Adam, the young man, played the part with intensity and with technical solidity. In the first scene only he seemed to me wrong. If, as both the story and the name seem to imply, the hero is any young man, proud in his strength, able to get a job, sure of himself, robustly independent and breezy with temper and impulse, whom we are to see gradually broken and destroyed by the world he runs into, then the particular scowl and bumptiousness that Mr. Tone conveys in his opening scene is misleading; we are led to expect a sort of playboy bully rather than this straight figure of healthy life, conscious of its rights. Contrasted with his role in "The House of Connelly," Mr. Tone's present performance shows a good technical variety, but the actual versatility is more on the surface than inner. The same emotional weight or kind of brooding depression lies beneath both creations. The most admirable quality in his performance is a fine completeness that arrives not from facility, but from a certain delicate, unbroken concentration and power of absorption.

STARK YOUNG.

Indian Tribal Arts

WHAT Wyndham Lewis calls the Paleface Complex is having one of its most positive and happy expressions in the exhibition of Indian tribal arts which will shortly begin a two years' tour of the country after being shown for several weeks at the Grand Central Galleries in New York City.

The twentieth-century interest in the primitive has had its seamy side. The cult of the grotesque and the inarticulate has often given more evidence of a last desperate refinement of frustration on the part of a worried Western world than of any real pleasure in the simple and elemental, whatever the mixture of impulses which may have brought the civilized white to observe it, is good for the eyes. And if the impulses have happened to include a desire to learn something about order and form and the insurmountable reality of materials, so much the better.

Primitive art—and above all American Indian art—is communal art. The seeming discipline of the artist's imagination is produced by no exterior force, no royally decreed or fashionably imposed "style"; it is the clear result of the individual's sense of participation in something larger than himself. The lyrical and special intensity which this art often attains is not the sign of a romantic in-dwelling on the personal and the particular; rather it indicates the sheer perfection of the participating emotion. If the present interest of the modern Western world in such work is even partly due to a sense of the wasteful and anarchic chaos of the times and, what is more important, to a growing appreciation of orderly beauty in small things, it is surely to be classed among the hopeful signs.

At any rate, there is very little opportunity for rationalized or neurotic satisfactions in the present exhibition. It is a serious show, "selected entirely with consideration for esthetic value." Almost nothing in the exhibition can be dismissed as merely grotesque or spectacular or picturesque. And very much is beautiful.

Beyond the universalities of good primitive work—and many of these pieces, both old and new, might reasonably be mistaken for early Greek or even Chinese or Egyptian—Indian art has a marked quality of its own. Without the sensuality of the Negro or the subtlety of the Oriental, the Indian artist may perhaps best be distinguished by his feeling for physical purity—the purity of abstract perfection and of extreme economy of means. This geometric quality is present alike in the simplicity of his forms, in the rhythmic reiteration of his dances and patterns, and in the laconic neatness of his symbols.

It is visible in a prehistoric white bowl ornamented with five solid black double-triangles which by perfect placing become butterflies; in the modern paintings of ritual dances and costumes; and in a magnificent silver necklace made of large round beads interspersed with the delicately stylized funnels of squash-blossoms and ending in a lean crescent pendant. A skin painting of a buffalo hunt is so meticulously exact about the numerical quantity of horses engaged as to remind one of Aldous Huxley's story, "Eupompus Gave Splendor to Art by Numbers."

There is something fine in this severity, this directness and strict economy of design and form, which distinguishes all Indian work from the quaint and pretty European peasant crafts. The Indian artist, one feels, has never been too clever or too quick. Virtuosity seldom leads him into fussy detail. He is never extravagant except in religious terror—and even in ritual expression he manages to retain his solid four-square dignity.

The ingrained discipline and deep familiarity with his own needs and desires which has kept the Indian tradition fresh and alive is only less miraculous than his ability to take what he wanted from the white man, and to take *only* what he wanted and knew he could use. Many of the most important Indian arts make use of materials and methods which have been borrowed only recently. There

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no silver-working before the Spaniard. There was little bead-work. Yet the Navajo blankets (really tapestries) are as fine as Hopi pottery. And Navajo silver, while retaining recognizable Spanish traits, is as Indian as the earliest basketry. The old stories about the poor ignorant Indians who sold land for beads are not quite so amusing when one sees how often the Indian knew better how to enjoy and use his beads than did the white man his land.

The designs themselves have always remained fluid, changing from generation to generation, from artist to artist. The horse, and even the American flag, took their places beside the buffalo and the rainbow. Recently, at San Ildefonso pueblo, the invention of a new process for painting pottery in two contrasting qualities of black resulted in a wholly new type of work—which is in many respects the handsomest Indian pottery to date, and more modern in spirit than 95 percent of our pseudo-machinal product.

Perhaps one reason why these bowls and baskets are so directly satisfactory and stimulating is that, without losing any of their essentially handicraft quality, they achieve a certain handsome hardness of style which is the very quality that might be attained by different means in good machine design—if there were any. CATHERINE K. BAUER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Annotations to "Peonage"

SIR: Because of the fact that proofs of my article on peonage in The New Republic of December 23, did not reach the press in time for certain necessary revisions to be made, I should like to make the following comment:

(1) Laws in several Southern states, notably Florida and Georgia, making failure to perform contracts a criminal offense—after the tenant has received advances of cash or supplies—are the greatest legal cause of peonage. These laws are frequently referred to as the peonage laws and are obviously unconstitutional as involving imprisonment for debt.

(2) The conclusion to my article was meant to emphasize the fact that croppers' unions will be attacked with every weapon at the command of the ruling class of the South, nor does it matter whether the union is radical or conservative. The Phillips County, Arkansas, union was conservative, yet it was crushed with wholesale murder. The Camp Hill, Alabama, union is affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League and frankly recognizes the class struggle. Members have been murdered and terrorized.

The point is that peonage conditions and the fight on them caused the attack in both instances, not "bad Communist tactics," as was charged in the latter case by certain "liberal" individuals and organizations.

New York City. WALTER WILSON.

Parks and Bridges

SIR: Mr. Josephson, reviewing Mumford's "The Brown Decades" [The New Republic, November 11], misses a chance to give some helpful hints to our popular young mental entertainer. Regarding Olmstead and Central Park, for instance, Mumford is at his old trick of spotlighting selected dates, names and things. Central Park was not a marvelous egg, unpreceded by hens, etc. Talk of parks had long been in the air. Bryant's plea came three years after Downing's (1848) and Clarence Cook says that everybody felt the need. Gourlay, proopsing an extension plan for Boston in 1844, showed a city park and sketched a system of connecting outlying parks. Landscape gardening, child of romantic buggy. About 1830 appeared the park cemetery, with drives. It was the rage. When you came to town, they took you out to see the cemetery. Parks were bound to follow.

About 1850 Olmsted wrote from England: "Probably there is no object of art that Americans of cultivated taste generally more long to see in Europe than an English park." The public parks of London were the envy of hundreds of New Yorkers in 1851. The Crystal Palace stood in glamorous Hyde Park; Regent's, planted in the 1820's, was in its prime. In 1853 New York built a Crystal Palace and shortly afterward set out to have a London park. In spite of the unlike terrains, there are ways in which Central Park resembles Regent's. The locations, relatively to the cities, are similar; the south half of Central Park (the original project) has just the area of Regent's; the Mall recalls the Broad Walk; and the transverse roads are managed quite like the commercial canal at Regent's Park. The talented Vaux, by the way, was born and educated in London.

The gentry of New York, quite simply, had been lusting for a worthy place to display their English equipages and Parisian parasols—to make, let us say, the exhibitionism of the rich benevolently available for the vicarious participation of the poor. Olmsted and Vaux gave high quality to the setting, but the stage would have been built in any case. If A. J. Downing had not died in 1852 and if his young partner had not asked Olmsted to join him, Olmsted might now be remembered as a statesman or editor. . . .

Concerning Brooklyn Bridge, also, Mr. Josephson runs too amiably with his author. Abetting Mumford's vice of pressing allegory on history, he says that "the age" reared a cathedral of its "new material, steel, symbolizing its own grandiose industrial purpose." The bridge was of the "new art," not a "relic of feudal taste and glory." Visible factors, I suppose, are referred to. If author and critic will take the graceful Menai suspension bridge, built in 1819; if for Telford's towers they will substitute the triumphal arches of the bridge Gian Galeazzo Visconti built at Pavia about 1390, and for the platform girders take a little bridge by Palladio (date about 1560), they can easily concoct a picture which the average Bostonian will immediately mistake for the Brooklyn Bridge. The Brooklyn Bridge is very beautiful, but it is not pure functionalism, it is not "American," and it is no more "symbolical" of "the age" than any other combination of neo-gothic stone supports with steel spanning members.

Plainly, I must write a book about all this. Shall we call it "The Piebald Decades?" I can't say what it will be like, precisely, but it *won't* be lyrical!

Cleveland, Ohio. ELBERT PEETS.

SIR: Mr. Elbert Peets' letter was addressed to Mr. Matthew Josephson; but its malice and bad manners were plainly directed against me, and I am happy to have the privilege of answering it. Mr. Peets' display of erudition would have been a little more impressive had he troubled to consult "The Brown Decades" before criticizing Mr. Josephson's review of it. Had he done so, he would have noted my reference to Vaux and Downing, my mention of Bryant's plea for Central Park, and my quotation of Olmsted's own statement that the movement toward parks was "almost an instinctive one throughout Western civilization after the middle of the nineteenth century." The fact remains that there were no landscape parks in America before Central Park, and that, with the exception of Downing and Vaux, there were no qualified landscape architects in America before Olmsted, who trained a whole generation of men in his office. Anyone who disputes the magnitude of Olmsted's contribution to the parks and cities in America, through his propaganda, through his many demonstrations and through his training of competent landscape architects, is either ignorant of the facts, or for private reasons wishes to pass over them.

As for Mr. Peets' suggested pastiche of the Brooklyn Bridge, it illuminates the processes of Mr. Peets' mind far better than it does the methods of the Roeblings. Does Mr. Peets think he has demolished the bridge under his load of shadowy precedents and putative ancestors? Or does he fancy he has destroyed Mr. Josephson and myself? I cannot vouch for the bridge, but I can

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Elegy for Anarchism

Living My Life, by Emma Goldman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 2 vols. 1009 pages. $7.50.

I HOPED to glean from the autobiography of Emma Goldman four experiences, each of them worth while: the intimate life story of a remarkable woman, the history of her ideals and thoughts as an anarchist, a portrait of toiling America during the past four decades, and an account of the years of military communism in the U.S.S.R. I got what I wanted, although in each case the net gain in light is different from what I had supposed it would be—different, I feel certain, from what Emma Goldman herself believes her book has given.

The most enlightening point, for me, in the first volume where the author describes her girlhood, her marriage, her entrance into the anarchist ranks after the Chicago executions, her love affairs, her friendships with Johann Most and Alexander Berkman, is that her narrative is almost bare of experience and ideas. The pages fly with gusto, Emma Goldman holds back nothing. But she has, rather amazingly, almost nothing inward to give! Intimately, for all her good will, she appears to remember little of her own sensations; and if there was a period of doubt and inquiry before she accepted Kropotkin and Bakunin, she takes her own thoughts for granted, giving us the bare conclusion. I had a sense of Emma Goldman writing these pages of her youth; but it was a sense of the mature woman the author, not of the young woman the subject. And this very fact: that Emma Goldman describing her loves, her factories and sweatshops, her cities, her encounters with magnates and policemen, gives no direct experience of her feelings and thoughts, helps to reveal the nature of the woman. One must make one's own deductions, as one might if one were actually speaking with the author. For Emma Goldman is a presence in her book—a deep, hearty presence. She is never the analyst or integrator of her story.

Her chief traits are goodness and energy. There is something abstract in her *élan vital,* since she is unaware of causes. The Freudians would doubtless call her career a flight from a cruel father (who became symbolized as authority and the State). More obviously, her life was a simple escape from the intolerable pain of inhibitions (personal and social) and a blind rush toward that freedom which the word anarchism convincingly evoked. In a life so purely dynamic, there is no pause for thought, hence her book's total lack of ideology; there is no room for emotional contemplation, hence its author's want of vivid memory. Emma Goldman cannot be said to remember her girlhood, and its record, pictorial or sensory, is absent from her pages. Which is to say, that her first thirty or forty years were lived not on an intellectual, not even on an emotional, plane; but were instinctive. Instinctive action (if I may use this obsolete term) is automatic, and leaves no memory.

But Miss Goldman's instinctivism must not be confused with that of others. It is paradoxical, being extremely good and brave. Most women who live on this level are self-indulgent, cowardly, shallow. Miss Goldman, although she seems never to have thought, has a nature both good and profound. At any moment of her youth, it is clear that she was ready to give herself to her Cause. Even her sex life, one feels, was the response of a motherly heart rather than of a lusting body. And if she followed the dictates of her body, the wonder is that even selfish impulse moved her to constant sacrifice and the acceptance of suffering.

This paradox convinces me that there are really persons in the world like the "free souls" on whose actual existence Rousseau, Proudhon and the other romantic anarchists based their theories. No wonder Emma Goldman was an anarchist—and without having to think about it. Her innocent nature predicates and incarnates the anarchist creed. Even in her appetites, she is a woman instinctively good and pure: a woman whose blithe spirit only the alien contacts of official law could poison.

The pages are, of course, full of references to anarchist comrades. Directly, she analyzes them no more than herself; but her own vitality imbues with life her portraits of men like Berkman, Reitman, Brady and Most. Like the author, these figures belong to the romantic movement. They are an issue of the same social forces which gave the Atalas, Renés, Adolphes and Werthers. The key to these characters is a deliberate return to "self"—a return which is a reaction from a system, social and intellectual, that was losing its vitality: so that the romantic return to "self" was literally the escape of "life" from the old Western order. In the profounder romantics (Rousseau, Blake, Beethoven, Stendhal, Balzac, Whitman, Nietzsche, etc.), this return to "self" was sufficiently thorough to reveal the self's cosmic implications and therewith the nucleus of a whole new social fabric. Intellectually weaker romantics did not go so far. They discovered their own yearning ego, and loved it, and regarded the world as a mere bar to its divine trajectory. Their ideas of social justice were rationalizations of their lyric need of freedom. They were the anarchists. They knew nothing of the objective world, save that it got in their way. They knew nothing even of each other, since in the last analysis they knew nothing of themselves. They were "pure being," and since "pure being" is a rationalized fantasy, their own lives have an abstract air, a lack of body and of reason.

This *unreality* of the anarchists is perfectly revealed by Emma Goldman. It is epitomized in the *attentat* on Frick by her lifelong comrade Berkman. Young Berkman (a very different man from the mature Berkman of later years) is as good as his girl friend. He *knows* nothing, either: not how to make a bomb, not how to speak English, not the crucial differences between an American magnate and the lords of Tsarist Russia; not (at the end) how to aim a pistol. His act is a "pure act" in a cruel, complex world that has thrown him off, so that he wills to destroy it. The anarchist is a tangential force from the social center, but in his naïve egoism he conceives himself as the center. Thus, by immediate logic, the legalized social world becomes the centrifugal tangent—and he erects a philosophy or builds a bomb, to wipe it out.

Volume One of Emma Goldman's story might, then, be called the premise of anarchism: there are really born in the world persons instinctively good, whom the complex tissue of laws tortures and maims. Volume Two is the conclusion of anarchism: the fate of such persons in the real world that persists. In her record of the past ten or fifteen years, the author is closer to the subject. We no longer have a woman of sixty trying to recreate a girl. We know what the young Miss Goldman was, by what she failed to record: we have the contemporary in a more positive record. For this other woman has been forced, by her frustrations, from the instinctive rush of her *élan vital* to the emotional plane. The natural mother blindly fighting for her children becomes the contemplative mother who can no longer [illegible]

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hard bud of the young woman's goodness blooms into a dark flower of pain. Now Emma Goldman has memory. Her last pages, in which she gives us a War America and a Russia of her own, are suffused with tragic light.

I do not wish to appear to minimize the intellectual contribution of the great anarchist writers. They established a theory of the State which Marx accepted. Indeed, the bitter war between anarchism and communism is one of methods toward a common goal—the classless and stateless society. As anarchism evolved, however, it became an unrealistic fixation on the end, whereas the Marxists assumed the task of establishing the ideological and technical means that might bring the end into existence. The anarchists (in the contemporary jargon) became a dissociation from the context of life: they represented that extreme of social suffering which touches madness in so far as madness is a dislocation from the whole. And against them, Marx brought his organic rationale to the cause of revolution. He counteracted the instinctive anarchist flight from an unjust world by making reasonable the relation between the rebellious impulse and the capitalist system, and by integrating social revolution as an organic (dialectic) issue of our social order. In this effort, it is natural that all the leading Marxists—Engels, Plekhanov, Lenin, etc.—should have made conscious war against the anarchists. But it is a beautiful stroke of fortune which led a leading anarchist, like Emma Goldman, into articulate contact with the first Marxist nation.

Her bitter rejection of Bolshevism is well known. She went to Russia in 1920, ready to defend and to collaborate. A year and a half later, she and Berkman left, heartbroken by what she names the betrayal of the Cause for which she has given her life. Her record is full, and is—for reasons unknown to herself—the most significant part of her book. It is the final revelation of the utter unreality of her own kind of revolution. Emma Goldman found in Russia a ruthless State employing repression of all kinds—censorship, imprisonment, execution—in the effort to survive both the inherited chaos of the Tsarist regime and the seventeen White armies that were attacking it. This was enough for Miss Goldman: the old hated State at its old methods. She had never stopped in her assaults on bourgeois society, to understand it; why now should she stop to understand the real problems of the proletarian dictatorship in Russia? Contexts are beyond Emma Goldman, whether they be White or Red. The whole activity of relations is beyond her.

Her book, in its finality, becomes the tragedy of good will and a good heart unguided by a sense of the whole. The impulse that had made her a rebel was generous; her methods of rebellion were brave and pure. But rebellion became the automatic habit of her life; her one positive response to the objective world of men and of values. If she had *understood* the evils of bourgeois society, she would have understood the inevitability of their survival in the transition period which she witnessed in Russia. Her descriptions of what she saw are factual enough: Emma Goldman is incapable of deliberate falsehood. But she is also incapable of truth, which is the placing of facts in their vital context.

Her failure to understand Russia is the anarchist failure to understand and hence to work upon the world. Her story of a great anarchist (there is something about this woman that is great) becomes the most eloquent defense of communism. If the revolutionary impulse can go so far impotent, so unjust, and finally so destructive, the Marxian method is imperative. But if the lesson of this book went no farther, it would scarcely deserve the space that I have given it. Anarchism as a system and method of revolution is dead: communism has killed it. What remains in the revolutionary world is the menace of a fixation, different but as deadly as that which in a hundred years turned the fertile beginnings of Godwin and Proudhon into so pitiful an end. Anarchism has died of intellectual dry-rot induced by its eccentric emotionalism. There are signs that orthodox communism is threatened by a dogmatic rationalistic creed (by no means discoverable in Marx) whose inadequate depth and breadth would ultimately exclude the creative energies of mankind.

The intelligent communist will not gloat over the tragic story of Emma Goldman. He will bear in mind that a revolutionary cause must be constantly creative, and that to this end it must be vigilant against mental or emotional habits that exclude the right of fresh discoveries. To bring a new mankind into the world is a long act of birth menaced at every instant by the nearness of death.

WALDO FRANK.

The Compleat Pioneer

Forty-niners: The Chronicle of the California Trail, by Archer Butler Hulbert. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 340 pages. $3.50.

THE HISTORY of America is the history of a mobile society, of successive integrations and disintegrations. The tempo of American life was first set by the upheavals in European society that produced the settlement of the New World, and the fluidity has been continuous. In the eighteenth century, as Mr. J. T. Adams has recently observed, society along the Atlantic seaboard achieved a certain stability which promised to reproduce the settled culture of the mother country. There came then the opening up of the first West, and thereafter of successive Wests, until almost our own day. The effect of these western movements of population was not uniform, for there were differences in objectives, in circumstances, in the character of the people involved, and no one migration is typical of the whole phenomenon. But of all the chapters in the history of the westward movements, none more fully reveals the social and psychological factors involved, none more convincingly illustrates the disintegrating effect of the experience, than the trek of the Forty-niners to California.

Aside from its scientific and sociological interest, the exodus to the gold fields was the most colorful pageant in American history. Professor Hulbert in a volume which was awarded the Little, Brown and Company prize for the best book dealing with the American scene, has succeeded in reconstructing this pageant with striking realism. His method is novel and highly effective. He has oriented himself thoroughly in the rich literature of the trek and has familiarized himself intimately with the geography of the Trail itself. The result is a synthetic diary of a Forty-niner—not a typical Forty-niner, for the typical emigrant was not articulate; but an observant, shrewd, philosophic diarist blessed with a lively style, a sensitive spirit and a delightful sense of humor. The diary records in exciting narrative every stage of the long journey from Independence to Hangtown. It is an intimate, homely, day-by-day chronicle, filled with the petty

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fully than could any formal study the real concerns and interests of the emigrants—oxen and wagons, food and supplies, rain and drought, swollen streams and alkalied springs; with gossip and bickering and horseplay, as well as the less frequent births and marriages and deaths. It is illustrated with over one hundred highly entertaining contemporary cartoons, and contains scores of songs of the Trail here for the first time collected. The characters—Uncle Bob, Captain Meek, Ox Bow, Saddlebags, Pickpan, Boardy and others—are drawn from the history of the Trail; the incidents are true, the descriptions correct. Even the style has a slightly archaic quality of correctness and elaborateness that gives it authenticity. The whole is indeed a triumph of historical recreation that could have been achieved only by the union of painstaking scholarship with ardent imagination.

This work of reconstruction perfectly illustrates the inevitable subjectivity of historical writing. The accuracy of every page of "Forty-niners" is vouched for by Professor Hulbert's scholarly integrity, but this does not alter the fact that the complete picture is the product of his historical selection. With an infinity of facts and incidents at his disposal, Professor Hulbert was forced to choose the typical, and his choice was dictated by his own interpretation of the great migration. That interpretation, it cannot be denied, is a romantic one, untouched by futility and despair. There were, of course, violence and demoralization and frustration along the Trail—and these our diarist is permitted to mention occasionally—but the emphasis is on the glamor, the humor, the ennobling character, of the trek. There were hardship and death and defeat, but this caravan surmounted them all, nor did its members sacrifice their integrity or their social rectitude in the process. Now this may be the real pioneering movement—certainly Professor Hulbert is in a position to know—but it is not such a picture as we have from Pancoast's "Diary of a Quaker Forty-niner," for example, or from Dame Shirley's "Letters," or even from Mark Twain's "Roughing It." Mr. Lewis Mumford's remarks on the "Diapason of the Pioneer" may be too harsh, but his interpretation demands consideration even in such a study as "Forty-niners."

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

Directions for Caging a Dragon

Frankenstein, Incorporated, by I. Maurice Wormser. New York: Whittlesey House. 242 pages. $2.50.

IN THE Pollyanna days of the new capitalism, it was the indoor sport of many intellectuals to argue that America had given birth to a new breed of industrial giants far removed from the predatory trusts of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. For one thing, the leaders of these corporations no longer openly evinced a "public be damned" attitude. If they had to answer public criticism, they did it through their high-priced press agents or their diplomatic and genial public-relations vice presidents trained to prove to all comers that it was the corporation, not the public, which was the aggrieved party; that the corporation, owned by thousands of consumers, was incapable of injuring the consumer and that, under the new capitalism, the best criterion of maximum service was large and expanding profits.

Even in those days, there were critics of corporation practices, of the type of Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard, but they were few and far between. Today these critics are more numerous. Among the most [illegible] is I. Maurice Wormser, editor of The New York Law Journal, professor of Law at Fordham University and author of a new and fascinating treatise on the corporation, "Frankenstein, Incorporated."

> Corporations are not natural living beings [writes Professor Wormser]. They are created by the nation or state, which endows them with distinct personality in the eye of the law, special privileges and comprehensive powers. Frankenstein's creature developed into a deadly menace to its creator. The nation and the state must curb certain grave and vicious abuses in their corporate offspring. . . . Otherwise, like a cancerous growth, they may poison the body politic.

Professor Wormser leads the reader up to his indictment of the modern corporation by a brief but most illuminating sketch of corporate development from the seventh century B. C. to the present, and by a lucid examination of the power of the trust and combine in the economic life of the day. When he comes to the contemporary abuses of concentrated control, he handles them without gloves. As a first step toward remedying these abuses, he would have corporation lawyers assume their responsibilities toward the public. He would make it impossible to incorporate a company in which practically all the shareholders were deprived of the right to vote. He would have the various states agree on uniform corporation laws. He would forbid the "too common modernistic practice of using stenographers, telephone girls and errand boys as incorporators of million-dollar corporations." He would compel incorporators to be real parties at interest and not mere "ivory chessmen manipulated on the game board." Where there are a series of holding companies, the author would make the dominating company liable for injuries due to the negligence of the subsidiary company. Wherever a promoter makes or pockets a secret or unfair profit, Professor Wormser would make him liable to the corporation.

He would make it impossible for a corporation to pay such bonuses as that of $2,383,000 given to one officer in 1930. He would make it necessary for a director to be something more than an "antique ornament or fancy window-dressing." He would check other abuses by specific legislation and by a vast extension of public supervision. "The present unregulated corporate system, largely the result of early legal tradition and precedent, outworn under modern conditions," the author declares, "is not suitable to the exigencies of the hour." Corporations should be so classified as "to provide that the community shall be represented adequately by the presence of public directors, chosen by disinterested governmental authority, on the board of every corporation whose duties and responsibilities are such that the public is directly concerned with its business, for under these conditions the business is not that of a corporation alone, but is impressed with a social trust for the benefit of the public from which the corporation draws the breath of life."

Mr. Wormser's book throughout is an honest, fearless, scholarly plea for a socialized capitalism as the one alternative to disaster. It is difficult to refute his analysis of modern corporation abuses, or his contention that the corporation is by its very nature impressed with a social trust, or his thesis that the way out of the difficulty lies not in the breaking up of big corporate units, but in an extension of social control.

The question, however, arises as to whether capitalism, which gives first place to the profit motive, can be socialized by Professor Wormser's devices. Will not the controls

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of a great, bureaucratic and expensive regulating machine largely regulated by the regulated? Is not the way out to be found rather in the gradual transference of the great monopolistic industries from private to social ownership under which the main drive will be service, not private profit? Has not the experience of the railroads, as Commissioner Eastman of the Interstate Commerce Commission has well brought out, shown this very thing? Can public supervision, as contrasted with public ownership, ever make possible that comprehensive social planning and that equitable distribution of the fruits of industry without which depressions and unemployment and economic crises and instability are bound to continue?

These questions are likely to arise increasingly as the reforms which Professor Wormser urges are placed—if placed they be—on the statute books. But whether or not Professor Wormser supplies the final answer to the question of corporate abuse, he has given us a most readable, timely and stimulating volume.

HARRY W. LAIDLER.

Mestizo

Sparks Fly Upward, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MR. LA FARGE'S second novel, "Sparks Fly Upward," has for its setting the Central American republic of Alturas, and for its principal figure Esteban, a half-caste. Esteban just misses being all Indian; a rivulet of Ladino blood, the gift of his father, threads ineradicably into the current of his veins. It is this confluence, with all it implies, that interests the author and is intended to form the true extra-physical background of the book.

The problem here is symbolized in the two women loved by, and loving, Esteban—one the young wife of his wealthy Spanish benefactor, the other an Indian girl who bears him a child and follows him on his campaigns. These two stand for the extremes of opposite cultures: Doña Favia for *la mano fuerte,* the strong hand, for the so-called superior race, progress and the band wagon; Marta for the oppressed, the racially obscure, the dark ways of her people.

This racial conflict underlies a plain narrative that is full of action. Esteban's father is killed during the war for independence in the early part of the last century. On the same day his Indian mother saves the life of one of the powerful Cerromayores, who, out of gratitude, adopts and rears the child as his own. Esteban becomes a lieutenant in the National Guard. He is first imbued with the sophistication and political skepticism of his fellow officers, then later with sympathy for the Indians who are being run off their land and against whom, in the way of duty, he is forced to fight.

His military career is amazing; promotion succeeds promotion with a rapidity only possible in that part of the world, so that by the time the revolution comes he is a general. Some of the ringleaders of the uprising are his close friends, officers of his own staff, soldiers of fortune, civilian *Liberalistas.* Esteban casts his lot with these, though without much thought, without, indeed, having much idea of what it is all about; but comprehending, at least, that the revolution espouses the cause of the Indian. He also understands that with this action he is definitely rejecting Favia for Marta and that he has gone over to the camp of the oppressed.

tion of the Indian and the blood motif of which he makes so much, he does not, to my mind, succeed in identifying these issues with the characters and tone of the book. In Esteban's struggle to disown, then reinherit, his Indian soul, one senses somehow an emotion superimposed by the writer. What we have left, then, is a traditionally romantic love and adventure story; an interesting picture of a typical haphazard Central American revolution, and certain credible scenes of ranch and camp life. Mr. La Farge's prose has vigor and rhythm and whatever virtue lies in the avoidance of the trite.

DONALD MINOT YOUNG.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY

BENEDICT ARNOLD, Patriot and Traitor, by Oscar Sherwin. *New York: The Century Company. 395 pages. $4.*

In the life of Benedict Arnold, the brief appearance of the British Major John André overshadows Arnold's own doings; and the most magnanimous act of Arnold's career happens to be his offer to General Clinton to surrender himself to the Americans in order to save André's life. In the present biography, which is dedicated to Arnold's wife, the section devoted to André is more competently written and more exactly stated than any other part of the book. Perhaps because Arnold himself, whose jealousies and impulses, whose bravery and generalship, form such a contradiction to his attempted betrayal of West Point into the hands of the British to get money for gambling debts, is a shadowy person, the biographer has been unable to bring him out into the light.

THE MESSIAH OF ISMIR, by Joseph Kastein. *Translated by Huntley Paterson. New York: The Viking Press. 346 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

Mr. Kastein neither blames nor excuses his titular hero, who, lacking the touch of insanity that might have magnified him to the abnormal dimensions necessary for his task, ended by betraying Jews and Judaism and apostatizing, when faced with real danger, into the faith of Islam. Mr. Kastein's true subject is the Jewish people itself, its suffering during the slow disintegration of Poland as a power, and its reaction to its trials in the mass sublimation of the Kabala. Sabbatai Zevi serves, like the foreground figure in a landscape, as the focal point in what is essentially a history of Jewish Messianism. The history is handled with sound judgment, conciseness and real literary skill. Indeed, the whole work is a distinguished piece of writing and is vulnerable to criticism only by virtue of a last unnecessary chapter in which the author generalizes vaguely on salvation and leadership.

NATIVE STOCK, by Arthur Pound. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 267 pages. $2.50.*

This book consists of biographical essays on Sir William Pepperrell, John Bradstreet, Ephraim Williams, Robert Rogers, James Clinton and Elkanah Watson. They are collections of facts, with little attempt at characterization; the style is clumsy and slipshod, and the tone filiopietistic. The book will be of interest to students of the colonial wars.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

CONFUCIUS AND CONFUCIANISM, by Richard Wilhelm. *Translated by George H. Danton and Annina Periam Danton. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 181 pages. $1.75.*

The passages dealing with the career of Confucius from Sse Ma-chien's ancient history are presented in double translation from Chinese to German to English. They are phrased in archaic language and require rather more explanatory material than the authors and translators have provided. Following this section of

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what will be most useful to the reader who is not specifically a student of Chinese culture, an admirable brief statement of Confucianism—a code of behavior whose ethical basis is implied rather than defined. This portion of the book is supplemented by translations from pertinent classic texts.

HUMANISM AND SCIENCE, by Cassius J. Keyser. *New York: Columbia University Press. 243 pages. $3.*

The subject of this essay is more distinguished than the treatment given it. Professor Keyser accepts for humanism the definition given by Walter Lippmann—"the intention of men to concern themselves with the discovery of a good life on this planet by the use of human faculties." He then proceeds to show the value, in realizing humanism's dream, of science and mathematics, between which he draws a sharp distinction.

WHAT DARE I THINK? by Julian Huxley. *New York: Harper and Brothers. 278 pages. $2.50.*

Discussing the possibilities of biological development in the future, Mr. Huxley suggests that scientists may be able to control the human body, in embryo, much as they will. He shows how man's war against insects and certain diseases made little progress until effective weapons were discovered by biology, a science which is still in an early stage of enlightenment and has revealed its most important secrets in the present century. Mr. Huxley believes that science has proved the nonexistence of a supernatural God and world. He believes that the impersonality of natural laws is incontrovertible, and that consequently religions of faith such as Christianity no longer have any value for the intelligent man. They must be replaced—since man needs some ritualistic release for his religious instinct—by a religion based upon facts and love and reflection.

Science

OCEANOGRAPHY: Its Scope, Problems and Economic Importance, by Henry B. Bigelow. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 263 pages. $2.50.*

With certain reservations, this volume may be recommended as an able and informative introduction to the young science of oceanography. In appearance a "popular" account of the subject, it is, in effect, merely a partial reprint of a report submitted to the National Academy of Sciences by a group of experts. This leads to embarrassment for the layman whose background is insufficient, and (through the unfortunate omission of bibliographical references, notes and an index) to annoyance for the student who may wish to check up on special points. There is, however, much valuable material on the geology, topography, physics and chemistry of the oceans; on the many forms of marine life; on meteorology; and on the economic aspects of the science: fisheries, navigation, ocean currents, harbor problems, submarine cables and weather forecasts.

SIGNALS FROM THE STARS, by George Ellery Hale. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 138 pages, illustrated. $2.*

Imagine a gigantic mirror, two feet thick, more than sixteen feet across, weighing thirty tons and capable of gathering nearly two million times more light than the human eye, and you will have a faint idea of what Jeans's "expanding universe" will be up against when the projected 200-inch telescope gets into action. In this small but well written volume a veteran astronomer continues his account of recent developments in astrophysics, with special reference to the instruments which have made this development possible. From the modest three-inch "optic glass" of Galileo down to the terrifying monsters of the modern observatories, the story is one of dreams, daring, continual failure and ever more dramatic triumph: all for the sake of being able to see, literally, beyond Time and Space.

Fiction

MARIA FERNANDA, by Huberto Pérez de la Ossa. *Translated by E. Allison Peers. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.*

The work of Pérez de la Ossa, youthful novelist and mystical reader is not likely to be moved by his latest creation, María Fernanda. An exquisitely beautiful young Spanish woman, she lives in cloistered seclusion, suffocates in an atmosphere of saintliness from which she lacks the strength to escape. She is the embodiment of negative perfection and submission, and the story of her life is an illustration of how a catastrophe which is passively accepted as inevitable is likely to become so.

THEIR FATHERS' GOD, by O. E. Rölvaag. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

In South Dakota, 1894, there existed two distinct conflicts, which must also have been part of every foreign pioneer settlement of our country. Rölvaag had a splendid knowledge of these conflicts, and wrote of them with a finely selective, full-toned realism. The old Norwegians of this, his last book, were fearful of the new land's influence. "A people that has lost its traditions is doomed!" was their pronouncement. But the young men answered hotly, "It would be folly to try to build up the different European nations over here. . . . The foundation is new, the whole structure must be new. . . . We're Americans here!" The second conflict resulted from the failure of diverse religious faiths to be reconciled in marriage, a failure which forms the principal theme of this rich and earthy novel. Peder Holm, Lutheran farmer, married Susie Doheny, an Irish Catholic girl. During the robust days of their love, while the harvest came and a child was born, this intellectual difference was insidiously spoiling their happiness. Twice the child was secretly christened. When Peder had brave ideas, or desired to act progressively, Susie pulled him back, seeing shadows. And finally they did each other great harm, for he destroyed her images of worship, and she poisoned his good name and ruined his career.

"I tell you once for all that your God is not my God!" cried Peder Holm.

Contributors

MARK VAN DOREN, former literary editor of The Nation, critic, biographer, author of four volumes of verse and editor of an anthology of world poetry, will publish a collection of short poems this winter.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER is at present a professor of Business Economics at Harvard University and the author of "Modern Economic Society," a recently published survey of the existing economic order.

MARY M. COLUM, contributor to various magazines in this country and England, received a Guggenheim Fellowship last year and is at present in France.

CHESTER T. CROWELL, who has done newspaper work in Texas, Mexico and New York City, is a contributor of stories and articles to various magazines.

CATHERINE K. BAUER is at present engaged in research work in architecture and town planning for Mr. Clarence Stein.

WALDO FRANK, author of "Holiday," "Rahab," "America Hispana: A Portrait and a Prospect" and "City Block," which Scribner's is to issue soon in a popular edition, the last one having been printed privately in 1922, recently returned from Russia and is at present working on a novel.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER is professor of History at New York University and, in collaboration with S. E. Morison, is the author of "The Growth of the American Republic," which was published a year ago by the Oxford Press.

HARRY W. LAIDLER, executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy, is the author of several works on socialism, economics and kindred subjects, the most recent being an exhaustive treatise on "Concentration of Control in American Industry" which, after four years of research, he published this fall under the imprint of Thomas Y. Crowell.

DONALD MINER YOUNG, a Californian by birth, is at pres-

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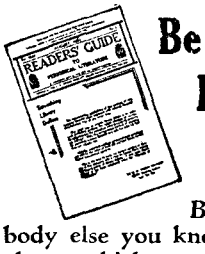

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